NewTimes

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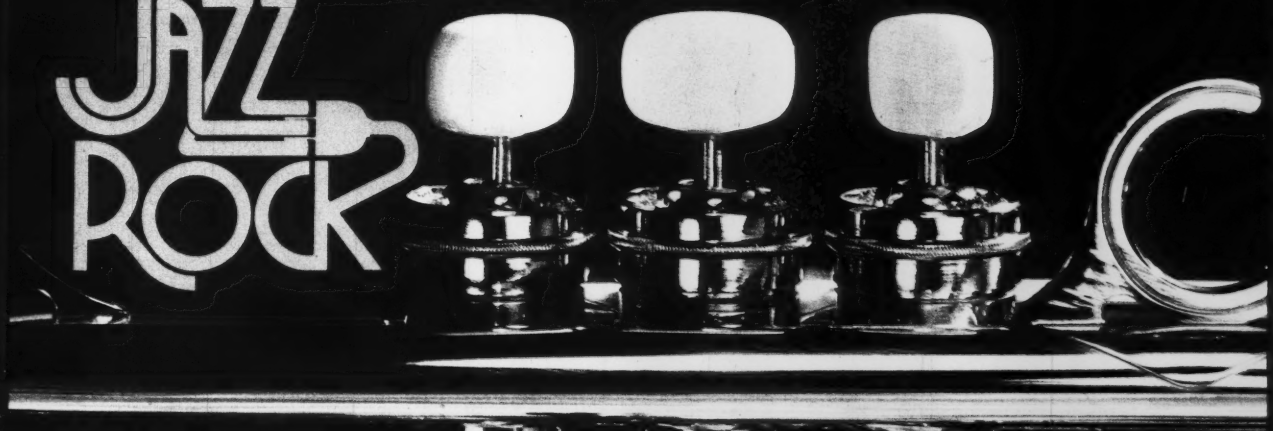

The decline and fall of Nixon's drug czar

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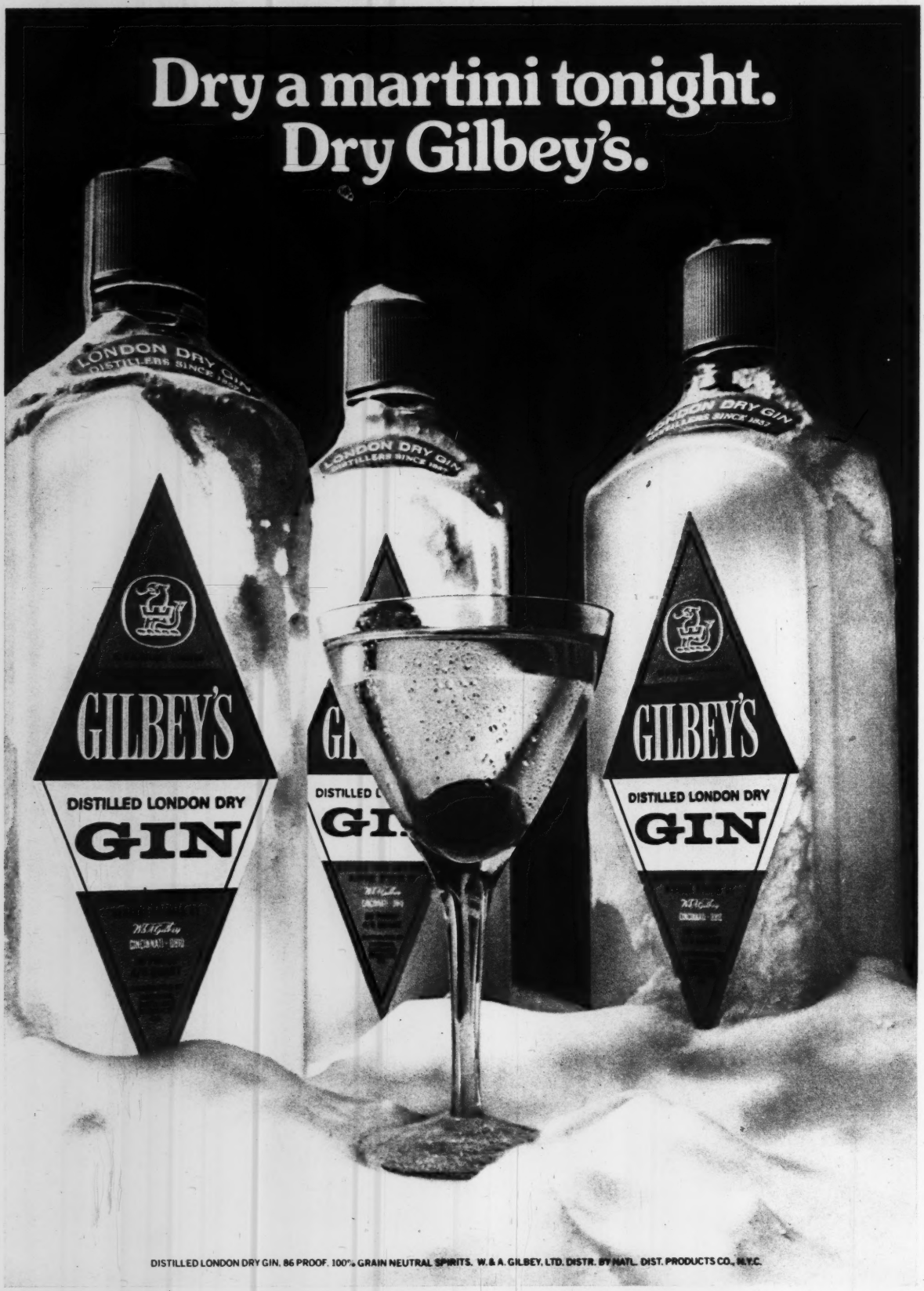

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Digital Watch Breakthrough!

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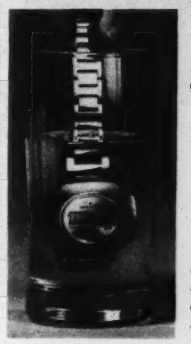

The new CDR display dramatically increases legibility and battery life and opens a new era of watch technology.

Would you do this with your solid-state watch? Of course not. Practically all solid-state watches require care and pampering. Not the Sensor 770. You can dunk it, drop it and abuse it without fear during its unprecedented five year parts and labor warranty.

A glance at your solid-state watch won't give you the time. Sound incredible? If it's an LED (light-emitting diode) watch, you've got to press the button first. If it's an LCD (liquid crystal display) watch, you must have plenty of light at just the right angle.

Now there's a new solid-state display technology called CDR (crystal diffusion reflection) incorporating the best features of the LED and the LCD displays. You can easily and constantly read your watch under any light conditions without strain or inconvenience.

The new CDR display takes the properties of the field-effect liquid crystal display, puts a strong reflective substance behind two closely-alligned polarization lenses, and the resulting large digits can be read clearly from practically any angle. When engaged, an integrated light source illuminates the display at night. The Sensor's constantly "alive" high-contrast display makes legibility outstanding under **all** light conditions.

Press the button on the Sensor 770 and the date and seconds appear in large black numerals—easy to read in any light.

A WORRY-FREE WATCH

Solid-state watches pose their own problems. They're fragile, they must be pampered, and they require frequent service. Not Sensor! Here are just five common solid-state watch problems you can forget about with this advanced space-age timepiece:

1. Forget about batteries Sensor is powered by a single EverReady battery that will actually last years without replacement. In fact, if your battery fails during the first five years, we will replace it free of charge. A low-power indicator tells you when to change the battery one month in advance and you simply open the hatch at the back of your watch and replace the battery yourself.

2. Forget about water Take a shower or go swimming. The Sensor is so water-resistant that it withstands depths of up to 100 feet.

3. Forget about shocks A three foot drop onto a solid hardwood floor or a sudden jar. Sensor's solid case construction, dual strata crystal, and cushioned quartz timing circuit make it the most rugged solid-state quartz watch ever produced.

4. Forget about service The Sensor 770 has an unprecedented five-year parts and labor unconditional warranty. Each watch goes through weeks of aging, testing and quality control before assembly and final inspection. Service should never be required, but if it should anytime during the five year warranty period, we will pick up your Sensor at your door and send you a loaner watch while yours is repaired—all at our expense.

5. Forget about changing technology The Sensor is literally years ahead of every other watch in durability and technology. But should Sensor's technology improve anytime during the next five years, you may trade in your watch for Sensor's newer model under JS&A's liberal trade-in policy.

COMPARED TO EVERY OTHER

The $275 Pulsar uses the LED technology which requires pressing a button each time you want to review the time. Even the $500 solar-powered Synchronar watch, in our opinion, can't compare with the Sensor and its 5-year warranty. And no solid-state watch can compare to Sensor's quality, accuracy, ruggedness and exceptional value.

PLENTY OF ADVANCED FUNCTIONS

Sensor's five functions give you everything you really need in a solid-state watch. Your watch displays the hours and minutes constantly. Depress a button and your watch displays the seconds and date constantly. There's also an AM/PM indicator. To adjust the time, insert a ball-point pen into the four-channel time-control switch. Each channel independently controls one time function. In short, you can change the hours without affecting the date, and the minutes without affecting the hours.

A pin points to the new decoder/driver integrated circuit which takes the input from the oscillator countdown integrated circuit and computes the time while driving the display. This single space-age device replaces thousands of solid-state circuits and provides the utmost reliability—all unique to Sensor.

Sensor's accuracy is unparalleled. All solid-state digitals incorporate a quartz crystal. So does the Sensor. But crystals change frequency from aging and shock. And to reset them, the watch case must be opened and an air-tight seal broken which may affect the performance. In the Sensor, the crystal is first aged before it is installed, and secondly, it is actually cushioned in the case to absorb tremendous shock. The quartz crystal can also be adjusted through the battery compartment without opening the case. In short, your watch should be accurate to within 5 seconds per month and maintain that accuracy for years without adjustment and without ever opening the watch case.

STANDING BEHIND A PRODUCT

JS&A is America's largest single source of electronic calculators, digital watches and other space-age products. We have selected the Sensor as the most advanced American-made, solid-state timepiece ever produced. And we put our company and its full resources behind that selection. JS&A will unconditionally guarantee the Sensor—even the battery—for five years. We'll even send you a loaner watch to use while your watch is being repaired should it ever require repair. And our liberal trade-in policy guarantees that new watch technology will never leave you behind.

Wear the Sensor for one full month. If you are not convinced that the Sensor is the most rugged, precise, dependable and the finest quality solid-state watch in the world, return it for a prompt and courteous refund.

To order your Sensor, credit card buyers may simply call our toll-free number below or mail us a check in the amount indicated below plus $2.50 for postage, insurance and handling. (Illinois residents add 5% sales tax) We urge you, however, to act promptly and reserve your Sensor 770 today.

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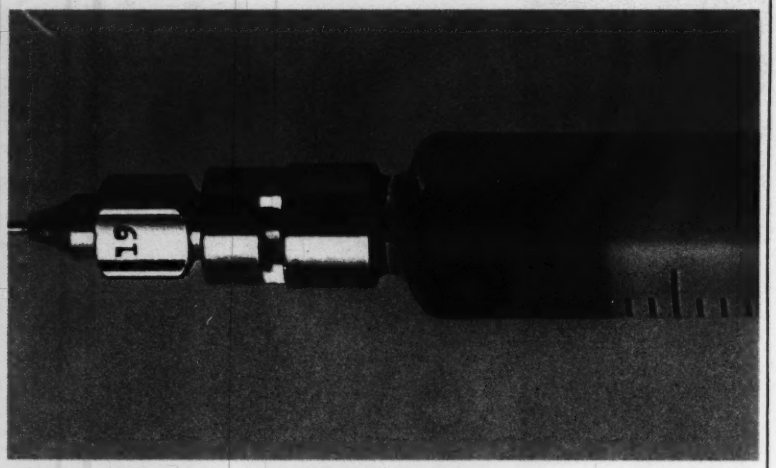

NEW TIMES, September 5, 1975, Volume 5, Number 5

TOP OF THE NEWS

The decline and fall of Nixon's drug czar The inside dope at DEA: how one lady, two bureaucrats and Scoop Jackson's Senate committee toppled the nation's top nark **By Ron Rosenbaum** page 16

Playing for keeps DEA has its troubles, and drug traffic seems undiminished. But don't get on its enemies list. Take the case of Scott Camil, a leading antiwar veteran. Before DEA was through with him, he was lying in a pool of blood **By Al Robbins** page 30

Advice for America Walter Cronkite, Charles Percy and other personalities suggest ways to get the country going again **Compiled by George Sullivan** page 38

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

The politics of narcissism In San Francisco—still the center of hip—the human potential movement is spawning an ultimate radical party of disillusioned politicos, disenfranchised hustlers and dissatisfied growth groupies. The parallel tracks of "evolution" and "revolution" are finally reaching a crossroads **By Susan Margolis** page 46

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Jazz-Rock The music cresting pop charts nowadays is a sophisticated blend of Twenties jazz, Sixties rock and Seventies electronics. In 1975, it's a new sound altogether **by Barbara Rowes** page 52

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What's in it for the Marianas?

Slow Down

By James S. Kunen

Myself, I've always wanted to be governor of Samoa. Some people, purists, think Tahiti is the only place worth absconding to. But everybody agrees it would be great to get out of the United States, with its inflation, recession and Barry White songs, and live out your life in some South Pacific island paradise.

Well, almost everybody. Since 1947, the 14 islands of the Northern Marianas, which lie 1,500 miles east of the Philippines, have been part of the United Nations Pacific Island Trust Territory, which the United States has administered, not owned. Almost 80 percent of the Marianas' 4,650 participating voters recently voted in favor of becoming American citizens and getting their archipelago *into* the United States as a "commonwealth," like Puerto Rico.

None can question that this is good news for us on the mainland. When the Northern Marianas achieve commonwealth status—probably sometime in 1981, after approval by the President, the Congress and the U.N. Security Council—it will mark the first territorial expansion by the United States since 1917, when we bought the Virgin Islands from Denmark, and 1925, when we annexed the privately owned Swains Island and incorporated it into American Samoa. It's about time. We're going stir crazy on this continent.

The acquisition of the Marianas should ease the federal budget deficit by providing a location for a summer White House where servants are cheap. And, as though that weren't enough, under the covenant establishing the commonwealth, the U.S. gets just what its citizens have always wanted: military bases within bombing range of Asia.

But what's in it for the Marianas?

First of all, you have to figure that, after 30 years, the thrill of American occupation is gone. Even the most guileless natives can be kept happy with *Playboy*s, Salems and gum for just so long. And if we've wiped out anopheles mosquitoes once, we've wiped them out 1,000 times; no one's impressed with that anymore.

It could be that the Marianans hunger for the more refined satisfactions of full American citizenship, like refrigeration, penicillin and skidoos. Too, as an American, the average Marianan will get a new sense of *involvement*. How often do the Marianas make news? In 1944, when the U.S. and Japan fought for Saipan. In 1945, when a B-29 named the *Enola Gay* took off from Tinian. But lately—nothing. As U.S. citizens, the Marianans will have a home team to follow in world affairs. Those who don't like the team can plant bombs in crowded restaurants in American cities. Apolitical Marianans can look forward to a World Football League franchise. The rich can get paid not to plant coconuts, and the poor can go to New York to collect welfare.

It could be that the Marianans did it for the money. We've promised to provide the commonwealth $14 million a year for local government operations, schools, roads, harbors and agricultural development, for at least seven years. And we've agreed to pay $19.5 million for a 50-year lease, renewable for another 50 years at no cost, for land we want for military facilities. That includes $20,600 for the entire uninhabited 206-acre Farallon de Medinilla Island, which we use as a bombing and artillery target—a rate of $206 a year for 100 years, less than I pay per month for my apartment, which is much too small for war games. In case the U.S. overlooked anything in drawing up the leases, it gets the power of eminent domain, so it can take anything else it wants.

It could just be that the Marianans are all film nuts. The covenant guarantees that at such time as a military base is established, the local population will be permitted to attend the movies there.

Or it could be the people of the Northern Marianas really have no choice, and are just trying to make the best of a bad situation. The American administration of the islands has been so negligent that Saipan has been described as "an island slum," where much of the population lives in tin shacks. The World Health Organization reported, in 1966, that health conditions there were bad because of a lack of medical and sanitary facilities. In 1969, a political status commission appointed by the Congress of Micronesia recommended that the entire Pacific Islands Trust, with its population of 100,000, be made a self-governing nation. The U.S. suggested they become a "commonwealth" instead. The islanders rejected that, but the U.S. steadfastly refused to grant them independence. Finally, the Northern Marianas, having nowhere to go but up, have split off and accepted commonwealth status.

After 230 years under Spain, 15 years under Germany and 30 years under Japan, the Marianas will soon be under God, with liberty and justice for all. ●

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The People's (83rd) Choice

Fulminations

By Larry L. King

Shake me, pinch me, kick me: anything to wake me from this terrible nightmare. Hubert Horatio Humphrey, they say, may be the next President of the United States. What's the matter, they couldn't get Harold Stassen?

Old Blabbermouth has been reaching for the brass ring since 1952; a professional boxer with his won-lost record would be retired to prevent brain damage. In 1956, when Adlai Stevenson permitted Democratic delegates an open choice for Veep, Humphrey finished fifth behind Estes Kefauver, JFK, Albert Gore and New York Mayor Bob Wagner. In 1960, John Kennedy trounced him in Wisconsin and knocked him out in West Virginia. His 1968 nomination was engineered by the LBJ and Daley gangs, after which even so sorry an entry as Dick Nixon beat him. Everybody but Ed Muskie, Gordon Liddy and the New Orleans Saints had better seasons than Hubert in 1972. Outside of Minnesota and Muriel, HHH has managed to go consistently unloved.

Why, then, the current claims that Hube is on the verge of a miraculous resurrection? The conventional wisdom runs that while Humphrey may not be the first choice of more than six Democrats, he's everybody's second choice. Here's one card-carrying Democrat who would choose him about 83rd: right after Abe Beame and just ahead of Lloyd Bentsen.

There was a time—back when Ol' Hube prattled on the side of civil rights, labor schemes, the Peace Corps, food stamps, the Marshall Plan, the generally downtrodden—when I ran reasonably high Humphrey fevers. But, then, there was a time when I put my trust in the Easter Bunny. We live and learn; most of what I've learned of the Minnesota Warbler in recent years prompts me to wish him a wonderful retirement. You may count on Hubert to carefully examine both sides of an issue before endorsing all possible viewpoints. This trait convinces me that he—not Wordsworth—was being described when J.K. Stephen wrote: "Two voices are there; one is of the deep/And one is of an old half-witted sheep."

But leave us cut the pretty poetry and get down to dirty specifics as to why Hubert Humphrey simply won't do as the Democratic nominee:

- He can't win. Never has.
- He is a man whose ideas have come—and gone. Lollipops and balloons are offered to contestants able to prove that Hubert has uttered a new thought in the past ten years.
- Ol' Hube borders on the unstable: He has wept copious tears during his own speeches, while granting interviews and when receiving honorary scrolls.
- He is a worn-out old retread in a time when many Americans are

tired of flat tires, Model-T Fords and indifferent political mechanics.

Hubert lost me back there when his ambitions outraced his sensitivities. Lyndon Johnson, as Senate Majority Leader, seduced him with a nudge and a wink. In 1964, wanting LBJ to choose him for Veep so badly his mouth must have tasted of warm spit, he helped torpedo the interracial Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party delegates to seat a lily-white group of "regulars" made up of segregationist Bourbons. "When he was talking to me," said his old pal Senator Joe Clark of Pennsylvania, "he didn't want [the Vice-Presidency]. When he was talking to Lyndon he did. He's kinda like a chameleon: sometimes green, sometimes brown." Once Vice-President, and presiding officer of the Senate, Humphrey ruled in favor of retaining the filibuster—a thing he'd formerly railed against.

Lyndon kicked Hubert around as if he might be a cur dog underfoot, humiliating him even in Muriel's presence and bringing fresh tears to Hube's eyes, but he took it because he'd grown accustomed to being little more than LBJ's dyed-hair old whore. When the bosses granted him the 1968 nomination, Humphrey had such little judgment as to advertise "the politics of joy" in an America torn by war, racism, assassinations, crime and riots. Even as Dick Daley's Chicago cops hammered and gassed political dissidents, HHH bounded about his hotel room kissing a TV image of Muriel and clapping his hands in celebration of himself. That was the final evidence that he had suffered the damages of an old pug that absorbed too many clouts, had reached that point where compromise no longer was a tactic but had become an end in itself.

As far back as 1954, sponsoring the Communist Control Act—to outlaw the Communist Party, which even J. Edgar Hoover didn't want for fear America's few domestic Reds would go "underground"—he demagogued in blatting, "I want senators to stand up and declare whether they are for the Communist Party or against it." This great civil libertarian went along with the McCarran Act of 1950 to establish wartime concentration camps for presumed domestic "enemies"; when the Kerner Commission in 1968 told it like it was about white racism (documenting two Americas: one fat and one hungry, one free and one not), Good Ol' HHH fumed that we had adequate civil rights laws on the books. To "whiners" who opposed the Vietnam War he offered, "Only the Viet Cong has committed atrocities." Tell it to Lt. Calley.

I slipped to the polls at the last minute and voted for Humphrey in order to save America from Dick Terrible. I just might not see my duty so clearly if all the difference I'm offered is between President Blah and Senator Blabbermouth. ●

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Mary Jo Kopechne's parents talk;
How dogs found comfort in California

The Insider

EDITED BY TONY SCHWARTZ

Power Politics

A view from the bridge

Mary Jo Kopechne's parents are convinced that their daughter was asleep in the back of Ted Kennedy's car when it went off the bridge and that Kennedy has not told the true story of Chappaquiddick. They also say they overruled an autopsy of their daughter six years ago after being mistakenly led to believe that its primary purpose was to determine whether Mary Jo was pregnant.

These are among the major revelations in the first interview Joe and Gwen Kopechne have given to an American publication since their daughter's death six years ago. The conversation was conducted for *New Times*—in an Edgartown restaurant—by Gerald Kelly, editor of *Grapevine*, a Martha's Vineyard weekly. The Kopechnes, who had visited the site of their daughter's death only one other time, came in July because they were strangely "drawn" by some "magic thing."

Among the Kopechnes' most interesting personal revelations were the following:

- The last time Mary Jo talked with her parents, Mrs. Kopechne warned her daughter to be careful of the water. "Mother, you know me," Mary Jo replied. "I only like to sunbathe." Now, says Mrs. Kopechne, "I drown every time I take a bath."
- "We were made to believe," says Joe, "that the autopsy was primarily to find out if my daughter was pregnant. There were so many things happening. We were being hit from all sides—north, south, east and west."
- Gwen Kopechne had to remain on medication for nearly two years after Mary Jo's death, so unnerved was she by the experience.
- The Kopechnes were refused admittance to the original Massachusetts inquest hearing, despite efforts by their lawyer to get them in.
- Mrs. Kopechne says she has carte blanche to call Ted Kennedy anytime she wants, but has not exercised the privilege. Kennedy, however, has called Mrs. Kopechne, most recently to warn that she might find a *Boston Globe* series on Chappaquiddick upsetting.

About the case itself, the Kopechnes were surprisingly blunt:

- On Kennedy's statements about the tragedy: "I think Kennedy made his statement when he was still confused. He had poor advice, right from the time it happened," says Gwen. "I think he got so involved in this lousy advice and then couldn't back out and tell the truth. He got deeper and deeper and deeper into it."
- On who is most to blame: "We hold so bitter a feeling toward Markham and Gargan," says Gwen (referring to Joseph Markham, first cousin to Kennedy, and Paul Gargan, friend and former U.S. attorney, both of whom counseled Kennedy on the night of Chappaquiddick). Says Joe: "What hurts most is to think that my daughter had to be left there all night. At least his [Kennedy's] two buddies could have telephoned. There was an outside possibility my kid could have been saved."
- On the accident's circumstances: "I do believe my daughter was asleep in the car," says Gwen. "I think Mary Jo had gone into that car for a nap and she happened to be in the car when it took off."
- On whether they were paid to keep silent: "We didn't deal with anybody other than the insurance company for what took place. They came to us," explains Gwen. "I guess Kennedy had to pay more, the way it was laid out [but] we settled with the

Clockwise from left: The Dyke Bridge at Chappaquiddick; parents Gwen and Joe on Martha's Vineyard last month; Mary Jo Kopechne in 1969.

insurance company."

• On whether the truth will ever come out: "Somebody besides us has got to be interviewed. Nobody's been under any pressure at all to answer questions," says Gwen. "You have to have the patience to wait. One day I'll know everything that I want to know, what happened, how it happened . . . ."

Father knows best?

Ronald Reagan's syndicated radio program, heard nationally on 320 stations each day, was the occasion for an intrafamily squabble recently. With Reagan out barnstorming these

WIDE WORLD

Maureen Reagan: taking issue

days, daughter Maureen sometimes pinch-hits on the show, generally toeing the conservative family line.

But one issue that Maureen feels strong progressive instincts about is the Equal Rights Amendment, and she requested last month that she be able to air her views on the show. Reagan was taken aback; he supported the ERA during his tenure as governor, but has backed off in the last year on what he says are legal grounds.

A compromise was reached when Reagan told his daughter that she could air her viewpoint on one show and he would present the opposite position on the next. Maureen defended the ERA, which is still four states shy of passage, by pointing out that it is the most crucial element in the drive for women's equality. Her dad came back gently but firmly: "My daughter Maureen . . . finds it hard to believe that I can be for women's equality without being for ERA. It's true . . . . I believe the ERA would take away laws that were passed especially to make sure that women were not put upon by men."

Business as usual

A recent poll of 238 corporate executives revealed that three out of five believe their subordinates would commit the unethical acts characteristic of Watergate in order to show loyalty to the boss. University of Georgia professor Archie Carroll reports that a majority of the executives also said that recently revealed illegal campaign contributions by large corporations are "realistic examples" of current business ethics.

Bentsen: fund-razing

In recent months, Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas has espoused the cause of a certain Mediterranean country in key Senate debates. His sentiments seemed to come from the heart. But now one wonders if they did not derive from a more mercenary motive. Recently, one of Bentsen's staff fund-raisers called a representative of the country, cited Bentsen's efforts in its behalf and asked for a campaign contribution in return. The caller said that his request had been cleared with two higher-ups on the staff. The idea of a quid pro quo may seem bad enough, but soliciting funds from foreign nationals is a violation of the federal law—subject to a $25,000 fine and up to five years in jail. The representative of the foreign government, who insisted on anonymity, was stunned by the request and warned Bentsen's man off. Nonetheless, an illegal act had been committed and the case can only raise more questions about the means by which Bentsen's campaign is funded.

The Kissinger tapes

Henry Kissinger has a new diversion in between shuttle diplomacy stops: muttering into a tape recorder he carries with him. Reporters traveling with Kissinger at first assumed the Secretary of State was simply collecting his thoughts for upcoming diplomatic sessions. But leave it to Henry to stay one step ahead. In fact, he is beginning work on his memoirs.

Speechless

The fervor with which Congress passed its strict Campaign Reform Act in the aftermath of Watergate last year is wearing thin.

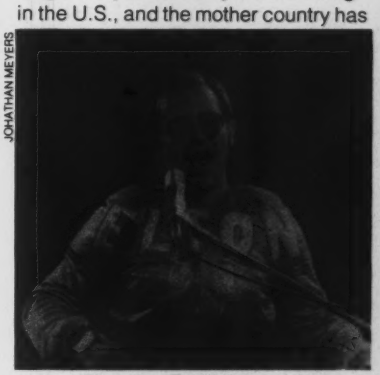
One of the law's provisions is that members of Congress cannot accept more than $15,000 in honoraria for speeches and articles during any one year. The reasoning was that such payments—unregulated—could be used to sidestep contribution ceilings. Now, members of Congress whose sole outside income comes from speeches and articles have decided the law is discriminatory. Their associates, who moonlight as lawyers and businessmen, for instance, are free to earn as much as they can on the outside. Sources say a compromise has been reached. By the end of the year, the limit will simply be lifted—making everyone happy.

The same thing could happen to a surprisingly tough new regulation proposed by the Federal Election Commission recently. They have asked for a crackdown on congressional office accounts, and the legislators are balking. Senate leaders Mansfield and Scott and five others signed a letter to the Commission recently asking that the rule be toned down. Congressional members now use the funds for extra staff, travel, Christmas cards, funeral flowers, interns' expenses and other ostensibly "non-political" outlays. Observers say that it's an even bet that Congress will veto the rule in the 30 working days it has to do so.

The Word

Acting out

England is losing a precious national resource: its actors, actresses and singers. By droves they are resettling in the U.S., and the mother country has



JOHATHAN MEYERS

Elton: an English exodus

to be fretting—all the more embarrassed in this bicentennial year. Most of the stars are heading straight to Beverly Hills and spending lavishly in the process. Consider just a partial list of the transplants, in case you've any doubt the phenomenon is real:

Michael Caine (paying $4,500 a

IF WE LIVED SOMEWHERE ELSE, WE MIGHT HAVE A BETTER TIME. BUT NOT A BETTER RUM.

In the town of Ponce, you won't find what Puerto Rico is most famous for.

Instead of rows of gleaming hotels and lots of excitement, you'll find rows of sugar cane and lots of peace and quiet.

For lovers of good times, this is bad. For lovers of fine rum, this is good. Because the result of all this is Serralles Don Q® Gold.

It's a rum that could only be made in Ponce.

Where the sugar cane has been described as the finest on earth. Where our simple, uncluttered life lets us give all our attention to making rum. And where the business of making gold rum has always been more than a business.

You see, the Serralles family has made rum in Ponce since 1865.

Five generations have passed since our first still was unloaded from a French clipper ship.

And even though a lot of changes have occurred in a hundred-plus years, one thing has remained the same: the Serralles family still owns the distillery they founded so long ago.

It's the oldest family-owned distillery on Puerto Rico.

And that's why Serralles Don Q Gold is not just a source of income, it's a source of pride.

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month rent), Petula Clark, Peter Sellers ($2,800 a month, after offering up to $8,000 a month), Robert Shaw ($4,000 a month), Julie Christie, Sara Miles (in Malibu), Rod Stewart and Britt Ekland, Tony Richardson, John Schlesinger, Julie Andrews (now writing her first adult romantic novel) and the kingpin of them all—Elton John—who recently paid more than $1 million for his little Beverly Hills hideaway.

Hollywood's dog days

First, imagine a film about Rin Tin Tin with this incredibly coy title: *Ron Ton Ton: The Dog That Took Hollywood.* Then imagine the leading female role

WIDE WORLD

Tomlin: rejecting Rin Tin Tin

alongside the dog's trainer—to be played by Bruce Dern. Sounds like a dog of a role, right? Wrong. It seems everyone who's anyone in Hollywood is after it. First there was Lily Tomlin, fresh from her *Nashville* triumph. She signed on and made only one demand: that the planned rewrite of the script be done by her good friend Jane Wagner. Paramount agreed but then balked at the result. When Tomlin said take the script or lose me, the studio stood firm and Tomlin walked off.

Enter Cher, anxious for a screen career to parallel her television success and convinced she'd found the perfect vehicle (maybe she had). Paramount wasn't convinced. Uneasy about her on-again off-again marriage to Gregg Allman, the studio apparently decided that Cher's instability overrode her appeal. Scratch number two. The latest actress to sign on is of another ilk altogether, but nonetheless sought-after: She's the hilarious saloon singer from *Blazing Saddles*—Madeline Kahn.

Seventies

The meditative state: Part II

Transcendental meditation, as taught by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, has received its first state-supported community grant. A few months ago we reported on a similar lobbying effort in Indiana that failed. This time the International Meditation Society has been given a one-year $2,500 grant to run a test project in either Rutland or St. Johnsbury. Plans are also under way for a meditation program at the Weeks School in Vergennes, the state juvenile reformatory. "We looked upon it this way," said Joseph Handy, head of the Social and Rehabilitative Services Department responsible for the funding. "No one really knows how to prevent alcohol or drug abuse—and we hope abusers will sign up—so we thought it was worth trying."

Dog duty

It is a problem that prompts some people to suggest that dogs in urban centers simply be outlawed. For thousands of other city dwellers, the notion of canine excrement in the streets evinces, if not such a radical reaction, at least considerable disgust and annoyance.

Leave it to hip Californians to come up with a civilized solution. Convincing dog owners to follow their pets around with small shovels just hasn't worked. So last month the first known canine comfort station in the U.S. was installed in San Francisco's famed Golden Gate Park.

The doggie commode, a 5-foot square, 18-inch high area with a "Doggie Toilet" sign overhead—presumably for nearsighted Dalmatians—is modeled after a Dutch version known as the "hondentoilet." It is filled with sand and the park gardener removes the contents each day.

The Department of Parks and Recreation now plans to build 19 other such stations in "strategic areas" with heavy dog populations. The only remaining problem is convincing dogs that all the effort is worth it.

Simplify, simplify

There is almost nothing more exasperating than the fine print in written documents. At last, however, a handful of companies has begun removing the complex legalese that characterizes most of the contracts, warranties and insurance policies we read. They are substituting simple, colloquial sentences and easy-to-follow examples. Perhaps the most successful examples are those written by language simplication expert Rudolph Flesch.

Flesch begins by rating a company's policy on a scale from 1 to 100 (high scores mean they are easy to read). Every insurance company he measured came out in the minus reading-ease range; when he did the policies of client St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Co., they came out -15. That, says Flesch, is "sheer verbal jungle level." St. Paul's new policies now rate 60, or on a level comparable to *Seventeen* and *Reader's Digest.* Consider an excerpt from a section on liability: "You loan your station wagon to a teacher to drive a group of children to the zoo. She and the school are covered by this policy if she actually drives to the zoo, but not if she lets the children off at the zoo and

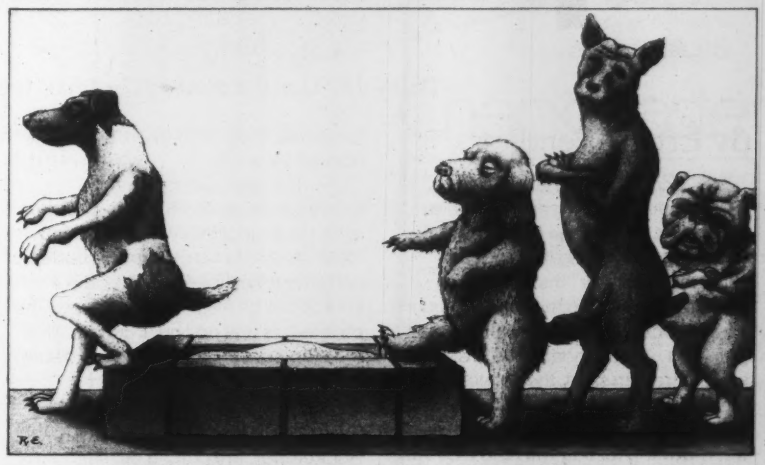

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

drives to her parents' farm 30 miles away."

According to Flesch, the company must be willing to start policy-writing from scratch. Two companies that tried simply to rewrite only came out with reading ease scores of 45 and 46—comparable to the level of the *Harvard Law Review* and the *American Bar Association Journal*. To emphasize how limiting present policies are, Flesch points out that a text scoring under 30, which nearly all do, is comprehensible only to college graduates—or 4.5 percent of the population.

Mind & Body

Don't take it lying down

A message to expectant mothers: Forget what you've been told about traditional delivery methods. At a recent international convention of obstetricians in New York, the sentiment was decidedly toward a more natural approach.

During early labor, for instance, the pregnant woman should stand or walk. During delivery, she should at all costs avoid lying on her back; lying on the side is safer and more comfortable. The best position of all is a squatting one. This stretches the cervix, points the head of the fetus right into the birth canal and speeds delivery.

A far cry from the way U.S. hospitals now handle births, this method of delivery is already gaining popularity in Latin America and Europe. At the same time, doctors on those continents are turning away from drugs used to speed or control labor. Evidence now shows that they can damage the fetal brain, and that an agent widely used to induce labor—oxytocin—can potentially blind or even kill the fetus.

Higher than ever

Illicit drug use by young adults, far from slackening off since the Sixties' boom, has increased markedly.

In a recent nationwide survey of 1,600 men in their early twenties, more than half said they smoked some marijuana, one-fifth made some use of amphetamines without a prescription, and the proportions using barbiturates, cocaine and psychedelics were all greater than 10 percent. The study was conducted by the University of Michigan's highly respected Institute for Social Research.

Marijuana was the only drug found to be widely used on a regular basis. A third of the sample said they smoked it at least once a week, while no more than 3 percent used any of the other drugs that often. One out of ten respondents said he or she smoked marijuana daily.

Whether or not marijuana is legalized will apparently make little difference in consumption habits. Only 15 percent said they would try marijuana or smoke it more often if laws prohibiting its use were lifted.

Another indication that dope use is on the increase is the sharp rise in rolling-paper sales. Sales between 1969 and 1973—the most recent figures available—are up more than 100 percent.

Pipe dreams

More bad news for cigarette smokers. It won't help your health a bit to switch to cigars or a pipe should you continue to inhale—and it could be worse.

A new Swedish study covering 54,000 adults shows that the risk of dying from lung cancer is equally high for cigarette and pipe smokers who inhale, and that cigar smokers are the most likely to develop cancer. A second study, this one by Florida chest physician and researcher Allen Goldman, indicates that the blood of cigar smokers who inhale contains four times more carbon monoxide than the blood of cigarette smokers. Carbon monoxide can cause premature hardening of the arteries and, in turn, strokes and heart disease.

The Swedish study also reinforced previous evidence that several other diseases are linked to smoking of all kinds: cancer of the pancreas and bladder, bronchitis, peptic ulcer and cirrhosis of the liver. One interesting peripheral finding—supporting the notion that smokers as a character type are generally less stable than non-smokers—was that they are 2.5 times as likely to commit suicide.

Special Report

Catalytic converters may be dangerous to your health

By Ernest Lendler

According to the ads, the automotive catalytic converter is "a device for people and flowers and trees, for every living thing." It is a "breath of fresh air" that prevents pollution, increases mileage (as much as 28 percent), a nearly infallible little gem that is "dependable" and all but trouble free. In short, the converter is the deus ex machina of Detroit, that new technological marvel we have been waiting for that will hold the Arab oil sheiks at bay and give our lungs a new lease on life.

Perhaps. Certainly the converters help on mileage, and there is no doubt that they have drastically lowered the levels of hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide emissions, the main source of Los Angeles-type smog. The problem is that no one is certain *what else* the converters do, and a growing number of critics, including Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) scientists and Vice-President Rockefeller, are putting out stern warnings. Their counterpoint to the Detroit ad campaign goes like this: Catalytic converters just may create worse pollution than they cure, and may, in fact, be "time bombs" on wheels that will, in due course, cause fires both inside and outside the automobiles carrying them.

The controversy surrounding the converter involves a number of problems, the two most dangerous being sulfates and sulfuric acid mist emissions, and their very high temperatures. With only 3 million

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converter-equipped cars now on the road, some of the problems are not at a critical level, but at least one EPA report and several scientists have stated that they will be in as little as two to five years. Adding to the controversy, in which all sides claim that our health and safety are their only concerns, are internal struggles within the EPA, GM vs. Chrysler, a growing number of contradictory reports and the real possibility that the billions invested in developing and producing the converter will go for nothing.

The converter changes hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide at high temperatures into harmless water vapor and carbon dioxide. With the converter acting as a little furnace beneath the floorboards, its outside temperature is higher than a standard muffler, giving rise to a real fear of fires. A muffler has an outside temperature of between 450 and 600 degrees, while the GM converter normally operates betwen 600 and 700 degrees and the Ford and Chrysler models at between 700 and 850 degrees. With a malfunctioning engine, spark plugs, ignition or heavy load, these temperatures have been found to get as high as 1,000 to 1,300 degrees.

GM's AC Spark Plug Division, the developers of their converter, deny the converter is more fire prone, pointing out that even non-converter cars can cause fires. John Dinan of AC stated that stories of fires "can't be proven" and uses critical language when describing "these scare stories." But most of the critical comments about the converter's heat are found in business and trade journals such as the *Oil and Gas Journal* and *Industry Week*.

Several months ago, Rockefeller warned President Ford that the converters are very dangerous and could become a damaging political issue in 1976 because of spreading examples of garages and cars catching on fire, people being injured and gas stations exploding. Rockefeller will not give specific examples and now states that he "fully subscribes to the position set forth" by Ford that the converters are potentially hazardous for other reasons. He has, he says, "suspended judgment" on the fire dangers.

Others, however, have not. The Los Angeles Fire Department, which reports that grass brush, weeds and hay begin to burn at 540 degrees, has conducted several tests which have shown that converter-equipped cars can set grass fires quicker than non-converter cars. The tests, which are still going on, are not yet conclusive but are certainly troublesome. In Texas, eight oil refineries and chemical plants owned by Goodyear, Gulf, Mobil, Petro-Tex, Crown Chemical and Union Carbide have banned converter-equipped cars from their property. A Gulf spokesman stated that the surface temperature of the converter, especially on malfunctioning cars, "was judged to be sufficient to ignite hydrocarbon vapors or dry grass" and "in a parking lot, they could melt the asphalt beneath a car before it cooled down." Even GM President Elliott M. Estes, while defending the converter, told the National Petroleum Refiners Association that "parking in tall grass is asking for trouble."

The Long Island (NY) Gasoline Retailers Association reports that service station operators have received warnings from the auto companies not to work on the cars for three hours after running to give the converter time to cool down from its inside temperature of over 1,500 degres (a muffler will cool in 15 minutes), and also confidential company reports of burnt-out upholstery and the need to relocate the converters. A spokesman for the Association feels the converter is a "time bomb" and can "cause gas explosions" by setting pools of gas on fire, and he is especially concerned about self-service stations where customers pump gas.

The danger of fire, while severe in itself, is not the most potentially dangerous effect of the converters. The converters emit up to 35 times more sulfates, including a sulfuric acid mist, than non-converter cars, and sulfates are considered more hazardous than the pollutants the converters cure. The increased sulfate pollution mist was discovered by EPA scientists in their Durham, N.C., laboratory in 1973, but the findings were kept secret and led to an intense internal struggle with the EPA over the safety of the converter.

The scientists warned EPA officials in secret internal memoranda that the sulfate problem and sulfuric acid emissions could result in health problems within two years in Southern California and five years nationally from its 1975 installation. EPA research chief Stanley Greenfield led the anti-converter move within the EPA asking for a delay of converter approval for more testing, and was firmly and often bitterly opposed by a pro-converter group led by Eric Stork, head of EPA's auto enforcement. The memos were finally leaked to California Senator Tunney, who made them public, but the converters won EPA approval. Greenfield, John Moran, director of EPA's fuel and additives program, and a number of Durham people left after converter approval, although Moran recently returned.

The EPA became publicly concerned about the sulfate problem in late 1974—early 1975. In March, EPA Administrator Russell Train, seemingly voicing the conclusions kept secret two years before, stated that "sulfuric acid is a very real and dangerous problem" and "catalysts may begin to do more harm by creating sulfuric acid than good." Then, in early April, he backed off and said that the EPA may have overestimated the amount of sulfates given off by the converters. They may not, the EPA said, emit 35 times more sulfates, but perhaps only 17 to 20 times more, and not become a health problem for five to ten years in congested "hot spots."

But that has hardly mollified critics such as John Riccardo, president of Chrysler, who has stated that "no one knows enough about the health risk of the sulfates these catalysts will produce, or the hydrogen sulfide . . . ." And Dr. Bernard Goldstein, an expert in environmental medicine at N.Y.U., warns that "sulfuric acid at almost any level is harmful" and the converters "have the potential to be very dangerous."

Besides the dangers, there are several other problems associated with the converters. They only work with non-leaded gasoline and are destroyed with leaded gas. Non-leaded gas happens to be impossible to find in Mexico and Canada. To replace a converter will cost between $50 and $60 for a GM or American Motors car and about $150 for a Ford or Chrysler. In at least two states, California and New Jersey, if your converter is not working you could be fined up to $50. Oh yes. One more thing. If your carburetor happens to be "oxygen poor," your converter will give off a rotten egg smell. Which is what the whole converter dispute is beginning to smell like.●

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The inside dope at DEA: how one lady, two bureaucrats and Scoop Jackson's Senate committee toppled the nation's top nark

In the end it wasn't Robert Vesco and it wasn't Howard Hughes. It wasn't "Operation Silver Dollar," "Operation Croupier" or the sinister connections of the so-called "Ski Club." It wasn't the cover jobs for the Plumbers or the secret "love traps" shared with the CIA. Any one of these might have been enough to do it. But, instead, the complicated chain of circumstances that finally did lead to the downfall of Drug Enforcement Administrator John Bartels Jr. began with a beautiful cocktail waitress who possessed—according to testimony before the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommitttee—unforgettable breasts.

No one has accused John Bartels Jr. of laying a hand on those breasts. The question did arise in the minds of some, and one high Justice Department official actually asked Bartels, "Did you sleep with the woman?" But Bartels said no. In fact, he testified that he was with the woman only twice, each time in public places in the company of several others, each meeting "unsolicited and beyond my control."

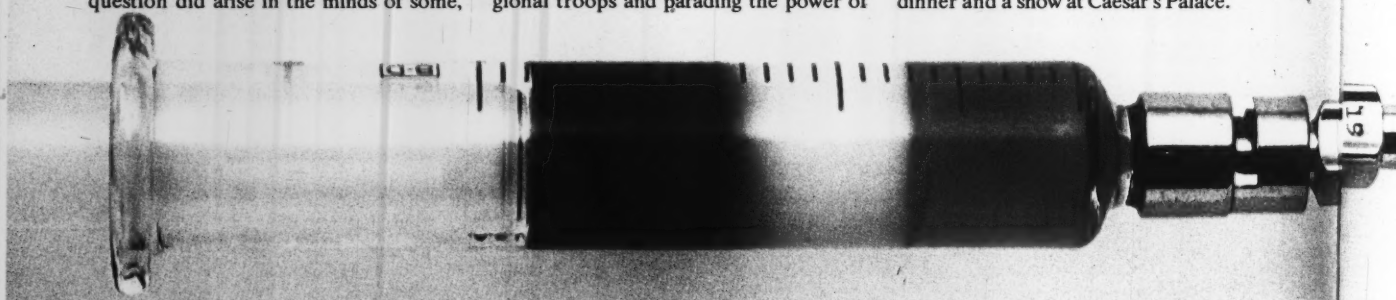
It wasn't what Bartels did to her breasts but the way he talked about them that assumed such embarrassing eminence in the complex cover-up charges that cost the drug czar his job.

John Bartels got his first glimpse of the "telltale tits" (as they came to be called by aficionados of the case) one evening in San Francisco back in December 1973. He had flown there on a PR mission set up by the Drug Enforcement Administration's Public Affairs Office, and he was introduced to the woman by Mr. Vincent Promuto, the man with the soon-to-be-ironic title of Director of Public Affairs.

This San Francisco trip took place just four months after DEA came into being in July 1973, a grand Nixonian fusion of ten federal antidrug agencies scattered through five Cabinet departments into one superagency, a drug enforcement empire. This San Francisco visit was part of a kind of Royal Progress the fledgling drug czar was making through the regional offices of empire, rallying the regional troops and parading the power of his new superagency before the press. On a Friday night after a grueling week of PR proselytizing, Bartels' Public Affairs Director Promuto and some DEA aides decided to unwind with a night on the town.

Her name is Diane. There's been some confusion over her several last names, so we'll leave it at Diane for now. Back in December 1973 she was working as a cocktail waitress at The Dunes in Las Vegas. Public Affairs Director Promuto, who brought her to the dinner that evening, has described Diane as "an old friend of the family." He has also said he knew Diane "socially" in the days when she worked as a cocktail waitress at a Washington hangout called Fran O'Brien's.

Maybe it was her dress. A witness would later testify that she was wearing "something low-cut that showed a lot of cleavage" the evening Promuto introduced her to his boss, John Bartels. Bartels was to see her twice more that weekend: lunch the following day with Bartels and Promuto and later a drive with them out to the San Francisco Airport, where Diane caught a plane back to Las Vegas. And that was it. Well, not quite. Bartels did meet her one more time, six months later, when according to Senate investigators he, Promuto and Diane took in dinner and a show at Caesar's Palace.



But it was the vision of Diane in her low-cut dress that Friday night in San Francisco that was to cause Bartels so much trouble later on. Because he talked about it: Weeks later in the Washington headquarters of DEA Bartels was sitting around with Robert Richardson, a top DEA aide and a protege of Bartels from prosecutorial days with the New Jersey Organized Crime Strike Force. The two of them were reminiscing about the San Francisco trip. Bartels described his meeting with Diane. He described her breasts. They were very big, he told Richardson. Not just big, he exclaimed, but the biggest breasts he had ever seen in his life.

For reasons we shall go into in due course, Scoop Jackson's Senate Investigations Subcommittee, holding hearings on the fall of Bartels and the sorry state of DEA, pressed Robert Richardson very closely for his exact recollection of Bartels' description of Diane's breasts.

Richardson, a rather prim and censorious prosecutor type, was reluctant to get explicit: "Mr. Bartels advised me that Mr. Promuto had introduced him to a young lady. Mr. Bartels described her in one, two or three sentences. We laughed about it. We joked about it," Richardson told the Senate subcommittee.

The senators were not satisfied. How exactly had Mr. Bartels described the young lady in those sentences, Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia wanted to know.

It's rare to see a career law enforcement official blush. But at the witness table Richardson, a man who has spent his career dealing with the seediest scum of organized crime and the heroin trade, was blushing furiously. He did more than blush. He had been chain-smoking throughout his testimony. Before answering Senator Nunn's question, he hastily stuck another cigarette in his mouth. A reporter next to me leaned over and pointed to Richardson: "Look, the poor guy's so nervous he's about to light the wrong end." Richardson caught himself before he set the filter on fire, steeled himself as if he were about to confess to child-molesting and said:

"Mr. Bartels described her as a large, tall, fairly tall, buxom girl, a bouffant-style hairdo, but he created a picture in my mind. . ."

Senator Nunn was relentless: What kind of picture?

"The reference that made her stand out was her size," Richardson allowed.

"Her what?" demanded the senator.

"Her size," Richardson repeated uncomfortably. "That was probably what we were discussing."

"You mean her height?" said the senator, sharply.

"No, sir," conceded Richardson.

Later, after the laughter died down, a subcommittee investigator coaxed Richardson into elaborating slightly. "I remember it fairly vividly," Richardson said, "at least the area, the thing about her he described most." According to Richardson, that "area," that "thing" on the woman in question, prompted Bartels to call her "the largest girl he had probably ever seen in his life."

Although he was never quite able to bring himself to utter the word "breasts," Richardson was not ashamed of transforming a comment on the size of the woman's breasts into a comment upon her virtue. According to Richardson, Bartels "described her as having dressed and appearing in the—in what in my mind is the class of caricature of a prostitute." This prompted prim Mr. Richardson to warn Bartels about the perils to propriety of being seen in the proximity of big breasts. "After all," Richardson cautioned Bartels, "the *Berkeley Barb* or one of those others would have loved to have seen us going into one of those

The decline and fall of Nixon's drug czar

By Ron Rosenbaum

shows out there or catch a senior official in what would have been an innocent but compromising situation." In a curious roundabout way, Richardson's warning turned out to be a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Nine months later, in September 1974, DEA's top internal investigators were trying to discover the identity of a mystery woman. They were in the midst of a highly charged "integrity investigation" of Vincent Promuto, Public Affairs Director, a close friend of Director Bartels himself. Allegations had been made that Promuto had been hanging around with ex-cons who were under investigation by the D.C. police rackets squad. One of the suspects Promuto was said to have been seen with was listed in DEA's own files as a suspected narcotics trafficker who used prostitutes as couriers. One of his suspected couriers was known as "Candy." A DEA internal investigator, a man named Cash, had observed Vincent Promuto at Dulles Airport that summer with a certain woman. Inspector Cash was convinced the airport woman was "Candy."

When the suspicion of this potentially damaging link to "Candy" was made known to Promuto, he pounded tables and swore up and down he had never in his life seen or met this "Candy" person.

Richardson asked Inspector Cash to explain why he was so sure it was "Candy" he had seen Promuto with. "Once you see this woman you never forget her," Cash told him.

Again, avoiding at all costs using the word "breasts," Richardson testified that "the standout characteristic" of the airport mystery woman Cash had described to him back then was "the same characteristic" Richardson remembered Bartels rhapsodizing about after his meeting with Diane.

Suddenly, Richardson testified, "something clicked in the back of my mind." That click signaled the beginning of the end for John Bartels.

Bubonic Plague

A curious thing happened to the heroin trade at just about the same time DEA came into being on July 1, 1973—business began to bounce back. For the two previous years, the federal anti-smack effort was finally showing some results. Foreign manufacture of heroin, illegal importation, dealing, addiction and overdose deaths all were declining for the first time in a generation. Heroin was disappearing from the streets of large cities, and the spread to the suburbs had slowed down. The little smack left was so heavily cut by the time it reached the streets that habits were no longer as heavy, withdrawal not as horrifying.

Along came John Bartels and DEA, a streamlined superagency incorporating all elements of the formerly fragmented narcotics bureaucracy into one powerful police agency with a tough prosecutor at the top. The superagency was a favorite Nixon Administration strategy for consolidating control over recalcitrant bureaucracies. But DEA was designed to be more than just another superagency. The Reorganization Plan creating DEA, masterminded by Chief Plumber Egil Krogh, gave the new agency the international intelligence and police functions previously exercised mainly by the Customs Service. This gave DEA a combination of international and domestic police powers that no other narcotics agency had previously exercised, a combination of powers denied—by statute at least—to the FBI and the CIA. The Nixon Administration had big plans for DEA, plans for "interfacing" DEA's domestic enforcement effort with the FBI, The National Crime Computer and other domestic intelligence sources. Arrangements were slated for working with the CIA abroad. The presence of so many once and future Plumbers in Nixon Administration "narcotics intelligence planning" made some people suspicious in retrospect about the uses to be made of DEA's unique intelligence powers, but no one could deny that when John Bartels took the helm of the new agency, he had at his disposal a greater concentration of authority and resources than had ever before been available to bring to bear on the "war on drugs" it was his task to wage.

Maybe it was just bad timing, the sudden surge of Mexican heroin across the border and into the streets and suburbs just about the time the old Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs was getting its letterheads changed from BNDD to DEA. But in the two years since the superagency's creation, the brief heroin slowdown has been reversed.

There are those who draw conspiratorial conclusions from this. "Look at what happened," says one Customs Service official. "BNDD and Customs are finally getting somewhere, they break up the French connection, they're getting big conspiracy cases. Suddenly they step in and there's this big shake-up and by the time people get back to work the Mexican connection is set up, protected and doing big business. What's that say to you?"

There are other explanations—the "buy and bust" methodology under which DEA agents paid $10 million to drug dealers, theoretically to buy their way "up the ladder," but which frequently ends up only inflating the market price of the drug ("We're running a farm subsidy program for the heroin market," one senator complained); "body counts," in which agents are promoted on the basis of the number of busts they make rather than on the "quality" of the bust (busting one big wholesaler should be more important than busting 800 junkies); and a badly timed switch of resources to a crusade against cocaine, when coke has a fraction of the social consequences of heroin.

Bad luck and bad timing blighted what had been a bright career for Bartels in the Nixon Administration. The son of an influential Republican judge in New York, Bartels bettered his solid Republican connections by serving on the New Jersey Strike Force that helped jail prominent Democrats Hugh Addonizio and Cornelius Gallagher. After these triumphs he moved to Washington, where he served under Nixon's favorite nark, Myles Ambrose, at the Office of Drug Abuse Law Enforcement (ODALE). ODALE was a scheme developed by Master Plumber Egil Krogh to put federal narks into street level-type drug enforcement as part of strike force-like teams of federal, state and local narks whose publicly announced mission was to "get the pushers off the streets." Using grandiose and foolish schemes like the national Heroin Hotline and break and enter tactics, ODALE managed to divert money and manpower from serious efforts to get at organized crime importers and wholesalers in order to rack up public relations victories with high body count statistics of low level pushers and inflated street value prices of heavily cut, low purity drugs.

Along the way, Bartels became a pet of Henry Petersen, head of the Criminal Division in the Justice Department, who promoted his name for the top DEA job. Bartels got the job just about the time Petersen's unfortunate relationship with the President during the last stages of the Watergate cover-up became public.

Abrasive, irascible, quick-tempered administrators like Bartels do well when the bureaucracy feels the power of a powerful White House pushing his plans. When the Nixon Presidency began to collapse, Petersen announced plans to retire, and another of his patrons, Attorney General Elliot Richardson, quit, Bartels was left without many friends in court. And after Water-

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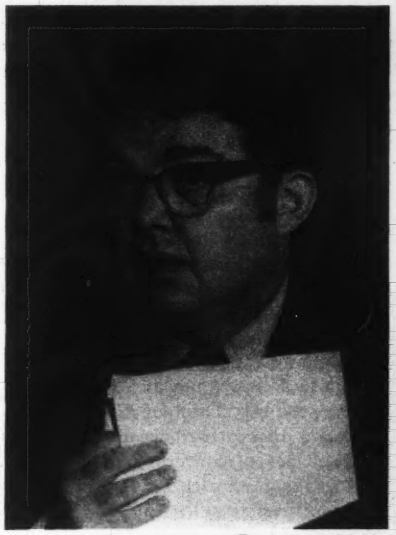
Rosenbaum last wrote for NEW TIMES *on his interview with Abbie Hoffman.*



Bartels defends his conduct as drug czar and denies covering up for Promuto, shown here in his days as a Redskins offensive lineman.

gate strange scandals and cases of corruption that had been buried in scattered corners of the narcotics bureaucracy before Bartels arrived began surfacing during his reign at DEA. By the time Bartels was fired in May 1975, there were those in and out of government who began to believe—wrongly Bartels insists—that DEA was "the bubonic plague of law enforcement."

But it was neither Mexican heroin nor the bubonic plague that caused Attorney General Levi to notify John Bartels on Memorial Day 1975 that he had 12 hours to hand in his resignation and get out of DEA. Bartels' abrupt firing was the culmination of nine months of bitter and Byzantine bureaucratic intrigue within DEA, a struggle that combined elements of Watergate and *The Caine Mutiny*, a struggle in which the balance was ultimately tipped against Bartels because of his familiarity with the mind-boggling breasts.

Rule-breakers

His name is Andrew C. Tartaglino, and there are two ways you can look at the role he played in the fall of John Bartels.

If you listen to Senators Henry Jackson and Charles Percy and the investigators on Jackson's Investigations Subcommittee, Andrew C. Tartaglino is a courageous, incorruptible civil servant with a fierce dedication to integrity in narcotics law enforcement. If you listen to John Bartels, this same Andrew C. Tartaglino is a bureaucratic Machiavelli, a petty tyrant fiercely dedicated only to maintaining his own power, a self-serving careerist using his intimacy with internal DEA files to terrorize his enemies into subordination and lead an insurrection against Bartels.

The Civil Service System had been good to Andrew C. Tartaglino. He'd put in 23 years working his way up the merit system ladder in the narcotics bureaucracy, first with the old Federal Bureau of Narcotics (FBN), then, after the first big drug enforcement shake-up in 1966, with the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD). Civil Service seniority regulations had protected his position and his prerogatives in that first reorganization, and he expected no less than strict adherence to those protocols in the second big drug enforcement shake-up, the one that created DEA in 1973.

Andrew C. Tartaglino doesn't take to people who meddle with the merit system and the Manual, the sacred texts of the civil servant. A strict disciplinarian, he demanded that rules and regulations be followed to a T. In fact, "They call him Mr. T. behind his back at DEA," one agency employee, who didn't want his name used, told me. "They're all scared shitless of him there."

But Mr. T. was more than a nitpicker. Back in 1968, when he was Chief Inspector for BNDD, he moved in, investigated and cleaned out a well-entrenched and murderously corrupt ring of federal narks in the New York Regional Office of BNDD. Rule-breakers.

The day before Bartels even took office at DEA, he took certain actions that marked him as a rule-breaker in Mr. T.'s book. In transferring senior civil servants over from the old BNDD to the new DEA, Bartels made positional changes which were "clearly contrary to the Civil Service Merit System" according to Tartaglino, cavalier decisions which were "the most arbitrary and humiliating any of us have experienced in the Federal Service," he added.

One of those humiliated was Tartaglino himself. Having been Assistant Administrator for Enforcement, in charge of the real action in the old BNDD, he was denied by Bartels the equivalent Number 3 post in DEA. Instead, Bartels told Tartaglino he could serve as Acting Deputy Administrator until a political appointee could be found for that post, at which time Tartaglino would drop back to Chief Inspector. It was clearly a demotion and a slap in the face to Tartaglino. Perhaps as a sop, Bartels permitted Tartaglino to choose his own protege for the post of Acting Chief Inspector to warm his seat until he dropped back into it.

This turned out to be a big mistake on Bartels' part, the kind of thing that revealed how unseasoned and unequipped he was for the intricacies of bureaucratic in-fighting. Demoting Tartaglino and then giving him complete control over the agency's Office of Inspection is something like Richard Nixon firing John Dean and then appointing him Special Prosecutor so he wouldn't feel so bad.

The Office of Inspection is the internal police force of DEA. It has a force of "inspectors" whose sole job it is to keep track of the conduct of other agency personnel and institute "integrity investigations" when they think conduct has become improper in any way. The Chief Inspector is the man who keeps the files on all his fellow bureaucrats, and is there-

fore feared for what he may know and might find out. Tartaglino established his image as the terrifying Mr. T. during his reign as Chief Inspector at BNDD. When Bartels was foolish enough to allow Tartaglino to select the Acting Chief Inspector for DEA, Tartaglino chose a man after his own mind, a zealous straitlaced scourge of rule-breakers from the Customs Service by the name of George Brosan. Tartaglino and Brosan would eventually lead the "insurrection" or "mutiny" that eventually drove Bartels from office.

There was friction from the first. After warning Bartels without effect, Tartaglino unleashed the zealous Inspector Brosan on a full-scale investigation of "unresolved allegations" against top DEA officials appointed by Bartels. There were 25 of these officials with question marks on their files. Brosar's first two targets were DEA's chief of enforcement, whose post Tartaglino himself had hoped for, and the man Bartels wanted the White House to appoint to the Number 2 position in DEA, the place Tartaglino held in an acting capacity.

When Bartels told Tartaglino and Brosan to sit tight on the material in their files because it was "ancient history," Tartaglino went over his head to the FBI agents investigating the Number 2 nominee on behalf of the White House and made the material in the files known to them.

Bartels was furious. He realized that with Tartaglino and Brosan in control of the Office of Inspection he had two powerful antagonists who could hold him in thrall with their files.

Bartels decided he had to fight back. When Brosan and Tartaglino petitioned for more inspectors to take on more "unresolved allegations" in the files on other high DEA officials, Bartels called in a high-powered Harvard management consultant team to investigate the Office of Inspection itself, ostensibly to study the manpower request. Whatever its avowed intent, Tartaglino and Brosan believed the study was designed to discredit the past practices of the office of Inspection and undermine their power base.

Enter Vesco

Meanwhile, another factor further complicated this incipient internal war. Scoop Jackson's Investigations Subcommittee staff was beginning to discover that DEA was an absolutely dependable unceasing source of satisfying scandals to probe. Scandals began walking through the door. The first to walk in was heroin informer Frank Peroff, who had what seemed like a wild story about how DEA frustrated his attempts to infiltrate a huge heroin smuggling scheme financed in part by Robert Vesco. Meticulous investigation of the Peroff story by Jackson committee investigators Bill Gallinaro and Philip Manuel failed to establish exactly what relation, if any, Vesco had to the alleged 200-kilo heroin deal, but they did establish that as soon as Vesco's name entered the picture, Peroff, formerly a valued informer, was jettisoned, threatened, discredited and otherwise handled quite irregularly; that records of Peroff's Vesco allegations were lost, missing, sloppy, incomplete; and that testimony by DEA and Customs officials was strangely contradictory in many respects.

Then the Jackson committee learned that for some unknown reason two DEA agents from the West Coast were flown to New Jersey, put up in the Hotel Pierre and paid to conduct an electronic sweep of Vesco's office and home in New Jersey. An investigation of that affair turned up similar unprofessional conduct on the part of DEA people. It was further learned that the man who arranged the DEA sweep of Vesco's offices was also involved in some murky scheme to help Vesco establish a machine gun factory for the pirate kingdom he seemed to be intent on creating in the Caribbean.

According to Richardson, that "area" on the woman led Bartels to call her "the largest girl he had probably ever seen"

And one of the agents who had participated in the sweep of Vesco's home had also participated in an even more mysterious affair known as Operation Silver Dollar, in which DEA agents were furnished tens of thousands of Howard Hughes' dollars to gamble in Hughes' Frontier Hotel as part of some complicated Intertel scheme purportedly designed to arrest drug dealers, but—some investigators have theorized—more likely intended to give Howard Hughes' enterprises the same immunity from DEA that Operation Glomar Explorer had earned for Hughes from the CIA.

And then one of the agents in Operation Silver Dollar came forth and described the sordid and powerful rule of the corrupt "Ski Club" over the DEA Regional Office in L.A., an operation that seemed to be providing DEA protection to the top family of Mexican heroin importers.

Finally, Jack Anderson was publishing lurid tales of the sexual blackmail of diplomats filmed by CIA agents in "love traps" rented by DEA in major U.S. cities.

Bartels dismissed the Jackson committee's efforts as Presidential politics, but veteran civil servants such as Tartaglino and Brosan, with the stench of Watergate still in the air, could see that this accumulation of scandals could make things look bad for whoever ended up holding the bag. They got to work establishing a record of their diligence and Bartels' lack of concern. Bartels dug in and struck back with his Harvard management studies aimed at proving the incompetence of the veteran civil servants. By September 1974, when Bartels flew off for Europe with his friend Promuto at his side, both sides seemed prepared for a long, drawn-out bureaucratic civil war.

And that is when the mind-boggling breasts entered the picture.

"A Classic Textbook Internal Security Case"

It all started with a memo from Detective Carl M. Shoffler. He's the cop who arrested the CREEP burglars in the Watergate. On August 9, 1974, the day after that bust finally brought the President down, Shoffler set in motion the investigation whose alleged cover-up was to bring down Nixon's drug czar. By that date, Shoffler had been promoted from third-rate burglaries on the anticrime squad to third-rate racketeers on the organized crime squad. But Shoffler seems to have a facility for running into third-rate guys with first-rate connections. As Nixon was winging his way off to exile, Shoffler was telling a local DEA agent that he was running into a high DEA official by the name of Vincent Promuto in some hard to explain places.

There was, for instance, the gun-running surveillance. A suspect under surveillance in a gun-running investigation was observed selling suits out of the trunk of his car in a parking lot behind a bar called Fran O'Brien's. A police officer approached the suspect, who was surrounded by men trying on suits for size, and asked him to produce identification. According to Officer Shoffler, a man identified as DEA official Vincent Promuto "interceded in [the suspect's] behalf and produced Justice Department credentials and asked what the problem was." The cop told Promuto

that "the selling of suits with the label removed in a parking lot at night" was not an accustomed practice of the fashion industry. He raised questions about the source of the suits and about Promuto's intercession in the affair.

Physical and telephone surveillances produced more Promuto identifications. D.C. police informants charged with keeping track of local rackets people made it a point to keep notes on people the suspects were seen talking with. It's a species of suspicion by association, but that's the way organized crime investigations work. According to Detective Shoffler, five convicted gamblers and one suspected narcotics trafficker had reportedly been seen with Vincent Promuto at local night spots, most frequently at a place called Fran O'Brien's.

And finally, the most serious matter, the case of Smitty. A cab driver by day, Smitty was said to moonlight as a part-time chauffeur for gamblers and a part-time informer for certain law enforcement people. In May 1974, according to Officer Shoffler, one of his confidential informants told him that Vincent Promuto had tipped off a D.C. nightclub owner "suspected of having organized crime connections" that a guy named Smitty who hung around that nightclub "was a paid informer who had worked on narcotics cases for DEA in New York and New Jersey." Feeling that loose talk of this sort could be injurious to Smitty's well-being, Shoffler found Smitty, took him aside and asked him if he knew what people were saying about him. Smitty told Shoffler that "he had heard that a person had told [the nightclub owner] that he was an informer and that he confronted this person (whom he refused to name) and was told that it was all a misunderstanding." Smitty refused to say whether the person involved in this misunderstanding was Vincent Promuto.

Misunderstandings or inadequate information might explain Vincent Promuto's name coming up in these police reports, but someone had to find out. In a memo summarizing his concern, Shoffler wrote: "It should be noted that the undersigned has no evidence of any criminal act committed by Promuto, but when viewed in their entirety a number of small pieces of intelligence suggest that because of past and present positions his conduct should be brought to the attention of the proper authorities."

The timing of what happened next couldn't have been worse for Bartels. While he was away in Europe, the operations of DEA were in the hands of his Acting Deputy and arch antagonist, Andrew C. Tartaglino.

The scene at Fran O'Brien's: Rendezvous spot for big sports of every sort.

The Shoffler memo came first to Brosan in his capacity as Acting Chief Inspector, and Brosan immediately brought it to Tartaglino. Maybe there was elation. Maybe the two bureaucrats danced about and cackled, "We got him now—lets nail Bartels' buddy to the wall before he gets back." That's the sort of thing supporters of Bartels would have you believe.

But whatever inner glow, if any, warmed his heart at the prospect of embarrassing his boss, Tartaglino was too smooth and well-versed in the ways of bureaucratic warfare to respond in any but the most scrupulously professional fashion. He never made a move without citing a subchapter and a subparagraph from the Manual before doing it and writing a memo to justify it afterward.

Subchapter 0101, Subparagraph 1 of Chapter 81, for instance. The first decision they had to make the day they received Shoffler's Promuto memo was whether to wait a week until Bartels and Promuto returned from Europe before taking action, whether to even call Bartels and let him know what was going on (which would risk leaking the news to Bartels' traveling companion Promuto), or whether to go ahead and start a full-scale "integrity investigation" of Promuto based on the memo.

Tartaglino went to the sacred text and discovered in Chapter 81, Subchapter 8101, Subparagraph 1, the following language: "The decision on whether to proceed with an investigation shall rest with the Chief Inspector or his designee, subject to post review by the Bureau Director."

Tartaglino told Chief Inspector Brosan that he was free to order an investigation, and Brosan went ahead with it. All according to the book. Brosan called it "a classic textbook internal security case": Promuto was one of the highest DEA officials, was privy to the most sensitive and confidential discussions of action and policy, and had access to names of the most sensitive and confidential informants. If, in fact, Promuto was associating with individuals who could compromise him, people with organized crime connections, he was subjecting himself to the possibility of accidental or extorted disclosures of DEA secrets. Such connections, even without any disclosures and even if they were casual friendships, subjected the agency to the possibility of embarrassment (DEA EXEC PAL OF MOB BIGS, etc.). And Subparagraph 811-1 in the Inspection Manual defines "Misconduct" very broadly as "any conduct which because it deviates from accepted standards might embarrass [the agency]."

When Bartels returned from Europe to find that the mice had indeed been at play in his absence, he treated the investigation as an insurrectionary challenge to his authority. There may have been an element of truth in his paranoia, but he didn't have the subparagraphs on his side.

Diane and Candy

Chief Inspector Brosan was the one who broke the news. According to Bartels' recollection, Brosan did not do so with the demeanor of the dispassionate investigator: "He was very uptight, his lit-

tle veins were pumping and popping, there was that edge in his voice. He was acting very Queegish," Bartels says.

Chief Inspector Brosan recollects that Bartels was the one who acted Queegish: He became "quite excited . . . emotional . . . antagonistic . . . it was as if I, not Vincent Promuto, had shown up in the Washington Police Department reports."

And as soon as Brosan walked out the door, Bartels ordered that the Chief Inspector be "relieved of primary responsibility for the Promuto case," and appointed two of his own aides to take over active supervision of the Promuto investigation. One of these aides was Robert Richardson, the man to whom Bartels had described the biggest breasts he'd ever seen in his life.

Robert Richardson testified that "something clicked in the back of his mind" when he recalled that conversation and linked it with the big-breasted mystery woman Inspector Cash saw at the airport with Vincent Promuto. The possibility which came into focus with that click was this:

That the airport mystery woman tentatively identified as Candy, a suspected courier for an alleged coke dealer, might be the same woman whose breasts had boggled Bartels' mind that evening ten months before in San Francisco. In which case, the zealous inspectors would soon have a link between the head of DEA and a man suspected of being a Class I narcotics violator. Very embarrassing.

On Thursday September 26 or Friday September 27 (he is not certain), Richardson told Bartels about the airport mystery woman and brought up the subject of the woman Bartels met in San Francisco: "We are hung up on an identity problem. Could it be the same girl?" he asked his boss. Richardson doesn't recall specifically what Bartels' response was, but he does remember that "shortly thereafter the same day or the next day, Mr. Bartels gave me the name Diane."

When Richardson returned to the inspectors with the name Diane, he may have thought he had information that might clear Promuto of any connection with Candy. He did. Unfortunately, the link to Diane was no less damaging, because the name Diane "rang a bell" with the inspectors. They remembered seeing it in the same file in which they had first run across Candy's name, the file of the suspected coke dealer who used women as couriers and who was—allegedly—observed associating with Vincent Promuto in Fran O'Brien's bar.

Richardson then told the investigators the rest of what he knew: that John Bartels himself had spent time with Promuto in the company of this woman. The testimony of four witnesses at the Senate hearings is that this potentially explosive connection, however indirect, between Bartels and a felon in the DEA files had been made known to all the key DEA figures in the case by Friday evening September 27.

Known to all except John Bartels. He swore to the Senate committee that he never had the slightest hint of it until one full month later. Bartels claims he has no memory even of Richardson asking him about the San Francisco meeting and no memory whatsoever of supplying the name Diane, although he concedes the possibility that Richardson's memory of that could "possibly" be correct.

The extent of Bartels' knowledge of Diane and her place in the DEA files at that time is an important question because the very evening all the *other* DEA

A curious thing happened to the heroin trade at about the time DEA came into being: business began to bounce back

officials knew of the importance of Diane, and the following morning, Bartels took certain unusual actions and made certain emotional statements. These and the subsequent course of action they led to were the basis for later charges that Bartels had interfered with and impeded the Promuto investigation. The inference drawn by Chief Inspector Brosan, by the Senate Investigations Subcommittee, and by Scoop Jackson himself is that Bartels tried to bring the investigation to an untimely halt just as it threatened to uncover some connection between Bartels and the woman with the "telltale tits."

Look at the way Chief Inspector Brosan pointedly summarized the chain of events following the emergence of Diane in the case:

Thursday September 26th—identification of Diane DeVito as an acquaintance of Promuto and Bartels.

Friday September 27—call from Bartels to Richardson.

Saturday September 28—meeting between Bartels, Thomas Durkin and Richardson from which emanated the instructions covering Sept. 30 and October 1 and 2, 1974.

Actually, Bartels made two calls to Robert Richardson that Friday night—one at 9:00 p.m. and one around 11:00. Richardson recalls that Bartels was "rather upset" that night. Richardson says that the subject of Diane "may well have come up" that night in the first phone call because Bartels was angrily "zeroing in" on the inspectors' mistaken identification of the airport mystery woman as Candy. It's hard to believe that at this point Richardson would not acquaint Bartels with the Diane developments, especially since Bartels himself had supplied the name Diane and Diane's presence in the DEA suspect file could be so damaging to Bartels. But Bartels denies discussing Diane that night or at any time for another whole month.

At 11:00 that night Bartels rang Richardson again and ordered him to a meeting at Bartels' apartment first thing the next morning.

That Saturday morning meeting was the Saturday night massacre in this case. Bartels was even "more emotional" than he had been the night before, Richardson testified. He shouted at Richardson, he attacked Chief Inspector Brosan. He complained the investigation was going "too deeply into Mr. Promuto's personal life." Bartels then gave the orders that were to become the heart of the case against him.

Instruction Number One: the Take Home Exam, as it became known. Bartels ordered Richardson to order the Chief Inspector and his men to "confront" Promuto immediately with the information obtained in their investigation. What Bartels meant when he said "confrontation," Richardson learned, was that Promuto should be presented with written questions about the allegations and permitted to take the questions home and frame written answers overnight at his leisure. Richardson did not consider this ideal investigative procedure, but he agreed to pass the order on.

Instruction Number Two: the final report. Richardson was to order Chief Inspector Brosan to prepare a written report on the results of his investigation for presentation to Bartels on the coming Wednesday, just one day after he was due to receive Promuto's answers to his Take Home Exam.

Instruction Number Three. Bartels denies giving Instruction Number Three, and Richardson doesn't recall giving it the way Chief Inspector Brosan reported receiving it. But Chief Inspector Brosan and Inspector Cash both testified that Richardson passed on to them an order from John Bartels that they were to concentrate on completing the investigation of the original Shoffler allegations, "that Mr. Bartels did not want any new avenues of investigation opened up . . .

if we had developed any new suspicions we were not to look into them."

Well, in fact, there were some new suspicions developing, and they were developing about what seemed, to the inspectors on the case, Bartels' sudden interference with their work.

As far as they were concerned, for whatever the reason, Bartels was breaking the rules, and they took their complaints to that scourge of rule-breakers, Andrew C. Tartaglino.

Zeroing in

It was Tartaglino who first used the word "Watergate" in connection with the case. At a special meeting of top DEA aides convened to consider the Promuto case the day after the new instructions had been issued, Tartaglino told Bartels that his actions had led to "extraordinary considerations being shown to Promuto" and that because of this "the Promuto matter was taking on the appearance of another Watergate."

The record leaves no doubt that during the month following the Diane developments Bartels behaved in a manner that invited comparison with Nixon. He couldn't stop kibbitzing the conduct of the Promuto investigation, calling in outside consultants, railing at Richardson (the Henry Petersen of the affair in the Watergate metaphor), berating Chief Inspector Brosan behind his back, constantly complaining that the investigation should have been concluded. Bartels contends that all his alleged "interferences" were attempts to protect Promuto's presumption of innocence against investigators who were out to smear him.

Whatever his motive, Bartels' actions actively suggested to some that, like Nixon, Bartels feared "seamy things" would surface if he didn't keep it under tight rein. What "seamy things" could Bartels fear? A jovial discussion about big breasts? Was there anything more to Bartels' relationship to Diane than the innocent dinners in public places in San Francisco and Las Vegas? Bartels told me that certain unidentified investigators were spreading the story that there was more to the relationship between himself and Diane than met the eye. Bartels believes that is why Deputy Attorney General Lawrence Silberman, who was looking into cover-up charges in the Promuto affair, asked him point blank, "Did you sleep with the woman?" Despite his denial, the story didn't die. Bartels believes that his arch enemies Tartaglino and Brosan kept it alive and that the inferences of a link between Bartels and Diane as motive for a cover-up more than anything else were responsible for his fir-

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ing. "These guys," Bartels says, meaning Tartaglino and Brosan, "went to the Attorney General and told him, look there's some explosive testimony gonna come out about Bartels in the Jackson hearings. You better get rid of the guy now." One week before the hearings opened Bartels was fired.

The most explosive testimony about the whole affair was Chief Inspector Brosan's account of his strange and stormy confrontation with Bartels that took place six weeks after the Diane developments. It was this meeting that triggered the mutiny.

Somebody is lying about that meeting. Either Chief Inspector Brosan or former Director John Bartels. Other conflicts in testimony in the complicated case may possibly be resolved by attributing them to misinterpretation and memory failure. But in this instance, this November 13, 1974 meeting, someone has lied repeatedly.

Brosan's version goes like this. Bartels calls him into his office and announces that as far as he's concerned the Promuto investigation is "resolved." This is news to Brosan because his inspectors are working on two new sets of data that came to them after the original allegations and the new material is still unresolved. Then Bartels browbeats Brosan for starting the investigation behind his back while he was in Europe.

Then, according to Brosan, Bartels says some odd things about the Diane developments.

"Mr. Bartels indicated that he was frequently with Mr. Promuto, having dinner with him as many as three nights a week. He also stated that he had given Mr. Promuto permission to take the girl to the airport and that he knew that we had the wrong name from the beginning."

Then they focused on Diane's alleged drug use. Brosan told Bartels his inspectors had a policewoman's report that Diane used certain drugs.

" 'What kind?' " Brosan remembers Bartels asking, and without waiting for a reply, adding, " 'So what! I drink alcohol; that's a drug.' "

Next, according to Brosan, Bartels told him that he, Bartels, had been present at some of the meetings between gambling suspects that had disturbed Officer Shoffler. In fact, Brosan testified Bartels told him that he knew "what conversations took place and saw Promuto wave off the guy who owns M&M Towing."

If Brosan's version of this conversation is accurate, Bartels was admitting to him that he withheld potential evidence from investigators of his own agency, that he allowed those investigators to waste a week of work attempting to identify a mystery woman whose identity was well known to Bartels all along.

For his part, Bartels insists that he said none of the above things, and that Brosan made it all up. If so, he made it up immediately after the meeting, because, like the conscientious bureaucrat he is, Brosan dictated a memorandum of the confrontation immediately after it happened.

Bartels made no memo of the conversation; in fact, he seems to imply that the fact that Brosan made a memo—"that self-serving memo" he calls it— somehow undermines Brosan's credibility on the issue.

Both Bartels and Brosan have reputations as honest men. Would Brosan fabricate such detailed falsehoods just to get Bartels? because he feared for his job? for the hell of it? Would Bartels perhaps say the things Brosan said he said, thinking he was making a kind of off-the-record excuse for Promuto's behavior (i.e., "C'mon, Mr. Chief Inspector, Promuto wasn't 'associating' with those guys, he may have been in the same place but he waved him away") and then deny he ever said them, thinking that since there were only two men present it would be his word against Brosan's?

Andrew C. Tartaglino had no trouble deciding whom to believe. Chief Inspector Brosan walked into his office, told him of his little chat with Bartels and announced that he was determined to take the whole matter to the Department of Justice. Twenty-three years in the bureaucracy hadn't turned Andrew C. Tartaglino into a trigger-happy troublemaker, but Brosan's story made it sound like there was a genuine Queeg at the DEA helm and Mr. T. didn't want to go down with the ship. He decided not merely to back Brosan but to take over leadership of the "little insurrection," as Bartels would call it. That night Tartaglino called the Justice Department and asked for an investigation into "improper executive influence" exercised by Bartels in integrity investigations, particularly the Promuto affair.

What followed was a confusing, even comic concatenation of investigations. First, in November 1974, Deputy Attorney General Lawrence Silberman brought in four FBI agents to investigate the Promuto investigation. This investigation ended in vindication for Bartels, as Silberman called the charges brought against Bartels "without substantial foundation." Tartaglino and Brosan were pushed out of DEA and transferred to the Justice Department by Bartels.

Then, in January 1975, the Jackson committee announced that it was going to undertake a full-scale investigation of DEA, beginning with an investigation of the Promuto investigation and an investigation of Silberman's investigation of the Promuto investigation. (The Silberman investigation turned out to be a rather perfunctory nine-day whitewash.) Then, in March 1975, not long after the Jackson committee investigation began, newly appointed Attorney General Levi commissioned a three-man review board to investigate the whole DEA situation for him, including an investigation of the Promuto investigation and the Silberman investigation of the Promuto investigation. Meanwhile, in February 1975, DEA began a new investigation of the old Promuto allegations, eventually sending Promuto a letter notifying him that he had been cleared of all charges, although by that time Promuto had been transferred out of the DEA headquarters office. But by that time, the original allegations against Promuto had become irrelevant, and the investigators were merely investigating investigations of investigations. And finally, in August 1975, shortly after the Jackson committee finished public hearings on their investigation of the investigations, certain House members led by Congressman Charles Rangel expressed dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Jackson investigation and called for an investigation of *its* investigation of the investigation of the Promuto investigation. Immanuel Kant would have loved it.

Is this just a case of post-Watergate investigation fever run wild? Not according to senators, both Republican and Democrat, and investigators on the Permanent Investigations Subcommittee. They argue that internal corruption in the narcotics bureaucracy—and even the lowest ranking street level undercover agent is a civil servant subject to the rules of that bureaucracy—may be at the heart of the inability of any drug agency to effectively attack the heroin trade. Without people on the inside to take payoffs, the heroin trade could not continue to prosper, and as Jackson committee senior investigator Philip Manuel says, "No one has ever known the true extent of corruption in federal narcotics encorcement." Internal "integrity investigations" are the means by which the narcotics bureaucracy is supposed to find out, and clearly in the Promuto case, regardless of Promuto's innocence, something interfered with that process and it's worth any number of more investigations of investigations of investigations to find out just what. In the past few months, subcommittee investigators have been making mystery-shrouded trips to secret locations in the mountains of Mexico, re-

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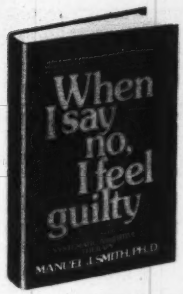

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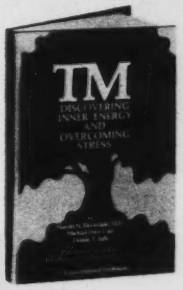

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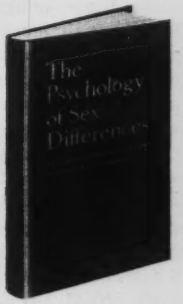

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portedly for the purpose of finding out how organized internal corruption and payoff rings have made possible the monopoly of the Mexican heroin connection by a few powerful crime families.

Some critics of DEA go even further than the subcommittee investigators and charge that protection of heroin profiteers is not caused by internal corruption but is, in fact, the *true function* of the agency under the present narcotics laws. They point out that as it works today, narcotics enforcement does little more than preserve the monopoly position of the professionals in the field by making life difficult only for the amateur and unorganized dealers who can't afford big payoffs. Thus, in this view, DEA is little more than a weak regulatory agency whose benign neglect rationalizes and legitimizes the big conglomerates in the huge heroin industry created by the anti-heroin laws. Stupid Prohibition-type laws, in this view, create the stupid Prohibition-type enforcement we have.

Unhappily, the remedy many senators and staff on the Investigations subcommittee have for DEA bumbling and corruption is to bring in the FBI with its "hard-nosed professionalism" that Scoop Jackson loves to praise. It's a solution that scares civil libertarians; and soft drug advocates such as the people at *High Times* magazine point out that giving the FBI license to investigate the whole drug trade may end up giving them license to keep files on the 40 million marijuana users in the country as part of an antidrug crusade if they so choose. Nor are many FBI officials eager to dirty their agents' hands with the trade, since it would mean turning many super-straight agents into smack dealers for the Bureau.

For the time being, the Ford Administration seems amenable to giving DEA as presently organized one more chance under a brand new drug czar (reportedly former D.C. Police Chief Jerome Wilson) before junking the agency and calling in the FBI.

But even the honest DEA agents don't get to spend most of their time on major heroin cases. Field agents discovered in the early Seventies that cocaine busts were easier to make, and safer, too, so the agency embarked on a PR crusade to convince Congress and the nation that coke was a menace equal to the heroin "epidemic." The agency spent an enormous amount of time, effort and money playing cruel and silly games with Timothy Leary. And *mirabile dictu* they still spend taxpayers' money mounting campaigns against the marijuana menace.

In fact, there is a certain poetic justice in the circumstances under which John Bartels learned of the mutiny against his leadership.

It was November, 15, 1974, and Bartels was on a high-level DEA mission to a foreign country, when he got called to the phone at an airport. It was a Justice Department official calling from Washington, notifying Bartels that the department was about to begin an investigation of Bartels' reign. And then, before Bartels could sputter out a word, the Justice Department official told him, "Of course you have your *Miranda* rights." Like a common felon. The indignity. The head of a powerful U.S. police agency on an important foreign asignment being told anything he said could be used against him.

But what was this foreign mission, so rudely interrupted by the mutiny? Was Bartels in Mexico getting first-hand information on the Mexican connection? Was he in Burma looking into what had become of the CIA-supported opium

Congressman Rangel called for an investigation of the Jackson investigation of the Promuto investigation

trade in the Golden Triangle, source of the second largest quantity of heroin entering the U.S.?

No, John Bartels was in sunny Jamaica. He was there on the momentous mission of personally supervising a "marijuana eradication" program. Thousands of men and millions of manhours had been enlisted by DEA and the Jamaican government in a program to destroy Jamaican dope plantations when any dope on the street could tell him that no significant shipment of Jamaican marijuana has hit the streets of the U.S. for two years. More significantly, this great diplomatic and military campaign against cannabis in other countries came at a time when people inside the U.S. were making big money off other people inside the U.S. killing themselves with rusty needles.

Maybe it's something about drug enforcement professionals. Maybe the indiscriminate puritanism that equates marijuana with heroin is somehow related to the squeamishness which causes a high DEA official to treat the word "breasts" as if it were sickeningly salacious. If a combination of big breasts and puritanical bureaucrats brought down John Bartels, there are some in the drug world who might call it karma.

Franny's

Vince and Diane don't come around much anymore. Diane's back in Las Vegas. A few months ago she flew in, took the Fifth before the Jackson subcommittee and flew back without stopping in at Franny's. And Vince Promuto has been transferred out of the DEA headquarters office back to New York, cleared of all charges but warned to stay away from Franny's.

It's Sunday night, and Franny's is filling up, but the guy I'm talking to, who used to be a regular back when Vince and Diane were regulars, thinks that some of the life has gone out of the place.

"You think this is crowded? This place used to be packed, it used to be asshole to asshole, every inch of the place."

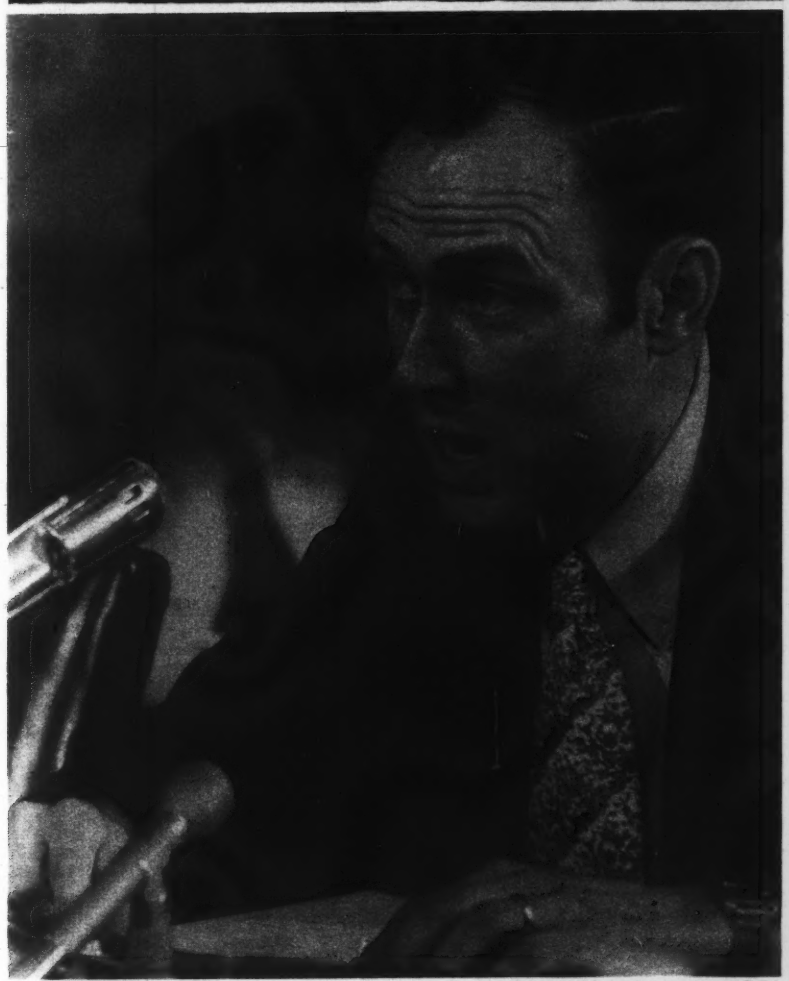
It looks crowded to me. Score of men in high-priced clothes and women in high-priced tans rubbing shoulders, flashing smiles and talking sports—Franny's is a favorite hangout for people who make big money from big sports, people who have been known to spend big money on big sports, and big sports of all sorts in other fields of endeavor.

Franny's was a special place to Vince Promuto. He started going there in the late Sixties when he was still a starting offensive guard with the Washington Redskins and one of his Redskin teammates, another lineman named Fran O'Brien, got some financing and opened this place. Fran was more than another teammate to Vince—he was best man at his wedding and godfather to Vince's three kids.

Vince was a tough lineman, but he never rose to star status. "The trouble with Vince," the guy at Franny's bar tells me, "is that he wasn't quite fast enough for the weight he carried and on the other hand he wasn't really heavy enough for his speed." Something like that.

"See that guy over there," the guy at the bar says, indicating an elegant-looking individual making his way around the bar toward the tables set for late diners. "That dude's an old buddy of Vince. Name of————." He names a guy who's a partner in a D.C. tow-truck operation, a guy convicted on federal gambling charges back in 1968, at which time his friendship with Vince and other Redskins became a matter reported outside the sports pages. Vince was never accused of any complicity, just friendship. And it was this friendship, among others, that got Vince written up in Officer Shoffler's memo.

"It's unfair to Vince," says the guy at the bar heatedly. "It's all guilt by asso-



The men who led the "little insurrection": former Acting Deputy Administrator of DEA Andrew C. Tartaglino, and former Acting Chief Inspector of DEA George Brosan.

ciation. Vince has known that guy for 15 years. What's he gonna do, stop saying hello to the guy as soon as he gets a DEA job? They respect each other too much to interfere with each other's business. Anyway, what's Vince accused of—associating with people? Now you tell me, isn't that a PR man's job: associating with people?"

I asked the guy about Vince's association with the now notorious Diane.

"Diane," the guy says reverently. "She was some kind of woman." He cups his hands at arm's length to indicate what kind of woman he's talking about. "Yeah, she was working there till, let's see, something like a year ago when she split for Vegas. They knew each other. I knew Diane pretty well myself."

"What about published reports associating her with hard drug use and hard drug dealers?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Diane was the kind of woman who'd try anything once. You know, she went by the rule 'Live fast, die young and leave a beautiful corpse.' I could sit here and tell you stories about Diane all night, but if you're talking about dealing, that just wasn't her thing."

Maybe some of the life has gone out of the place since Diane and Vince don't come around, but their absence is still not enough to explain it to the guy at the bar.

"Maybe it has something to do with the guy who was wasted by mistake here a few weeks ago."

"Wasted by mistake?"

"Right over there by that cigarette machine is where he got it. See, there were these two honeys sitting over that table over there and they got to fighting over this other guy they were both seeing, a real worthless dude too, ran a porno book store. I can't figure why they're fighting over the creep, but one of these honeys takes a piece out of her purse to make a point in the discussion and they end up rolling around fighting over it and next thing it goes off and this poor dude who just came in off the street gets it. Severed his aorta."

"The porno guy?"

"No, that's the thing about it. This poor dude just wandered into the middle of it. Like I said, wasted by mistake."

Wasted by mistake. That's the epitaph Vince Promuto's friends think should be appended to his career: gunned down by two puritanical bureaucrats who were really gunning for John Bartels. An offensive lineman blown away in a blitz aimed at his quarterback. And maybe Vince's football career can lend us an epitaph for the short reign of John Bartels at DEA: not fast enough for the weight he carried, and not heavy enough for his speed. Something like that. ●

Playing for keeps

By Al Robbins

Scott Camil was in the shower when the doorbell to his white frame house in Gainesville, Florida, rang one day last January. When he opened the door, wearing only a bath towel, Camil was greeted by an attractive brunette, about 5'8", dressed in slacks, open-toed shoes and a long-sleeve blouse. The woman told Camil that her name was Barbara Ives. She had just popped into town from Orlando, 100 miles to the south, she said, and she wanted to surprise an old boyfriend, Randy Kaufman; the phone book gave as his address the house where Camil now stood dripping in the doorway.

Camil was wary of strangers. A former leader of Vietnam Veterans Against the War, and one of the Gainesville 8—veterans indicted for conspiring to disrupt the 1972 Republican Convention—he had sought seclusion by having his lease, his gas and electric bills and his telephone listing all under the name of Kaufman, a close friend. Camil called Kaufman to check out the girl's story. He found out that Kaufman had dated the girl four years ago, and that while working as a practical nurse in Gainesville, she had been heavily into the local drug scene, sometimes going by the name of Little Miss Ritalin, because of a fondness for uppers.

Barbara was OK. Camil invited her into the house and asked her if she would like to smoke a joint with him. The two got high, talked some, and Barbara began coming on to Scott. By the end of the afternoon they were in bed together.

Before spring came to Florida, Scott Camil was under intensive care at Alachua General Hospital with a bullet wound in the back made at point-blank range with an unregistered Llama .380 handgun, largely owing to the fact that, despite her innocent and appealing exterior, Barbara Ives was working for the federal Drug Enforcement Administration.

DEA has its troubles, and drug traffic seems undiminished. But don't get on its enemies list. Take the case of Scott Camil, a leading antiwar veteran. Before DEA was through with him, he was lying in a pool of blood

As a paid DEA informer, Barbara Ives was too good to be true. She had the perfect in to Scott Camil. As Randy Kaufman's former lover, she had no trouble getting through his front door and being accepted at face value. Scott's susceptibility to an easy lay set it up from there. Three months later, Barbara Ives told an Orlando reporter that she had been sent to Gainesville specifically to investigate Scott Camil. "Yeah, we set him up to bust him," she said. "That's our job."

Barbara Ives says she became a police informer after a friendly cop aided her in ending a series of obscene phone calls. In a sworn deposition taken in August 1974, Ives testified, "I had been harassed by some obscene phone calls and this Orlando police officer named Richard Kimbro was very understanding and took care of the whole thing. We had talked about drugs and how so many people I knew were involved in drugs. He asked me to do something about it. So he introduced me to Lt. Cooke with the Orlando Police."

In February 1974, Ives met William Ray Porter, an undercover narcotics agent with the Orange County, Florida, Sheriff's Department. From then on, Barbara Ives began working as a team with Porter because "the money was better" at the Sheriff's Department. In her sworn deposition, Ives testified that she had committed herself to a Florida psychiatric hospital on at least two occasions, suffering from severe depression. The 24-year-old divorcee was depressed over money. Her job as a claims adjustor for an Orlando insurance company that handled workman's compensation for Disney World wasn't paying her enough of a salary to support her infant daughter in the style that Ives thought proper. As an undercover informant paid for each prosecution, Barbara Ives had a chance to make the extra money she wanted. There was also the vicarious thrill of being a paid bounty hunter. And it's possible that she was making extra money from her moonlighting in more than one way.

In May 1974, Ives was involved in the drug bust of someone she

DENNIS J. RAMIREZ

DENNIS J. RAMIREZ

had befriended for almost a year, a 22-year-old Orlando native named Joe Pauline. Posing as a friend present at the time of the bust, Ives contacted Pauline's lawyer, a former Orlando associate municipal court judge, Andrew Baron. Ives, saying that she feared imminent arrest as an accessory to Pauline, asked Baron to represent her as well. For the next four days, every phone conversation Andy Baron had with Barbara Ives was taped, and every conversation the two had at his office or his home about the case were also monitored through a body microphone concealed in her clothing. Two weeks later, Baron was indicted by an Orange County grand jury for incitement to commit perjury, a third-degree felony. Ives said the tapes showed that Baron had asked her to say the drugs in Pauline's house had been put there by Sheriff's Department agents, and that she had had sexual relations with the agent who made the bust, William Ray Porter.

"My impression of this girl was that she was a very dangerous person," says Baron, who was acquitted of the perjury charge on February 5 of this year. "She was very flighty. She would ramble all over the place on a variety of subjects. One minute she would be very happy, and the next minute she would be very depressed, almost on the verge of hysteria. But the laugh, though, when she was happy was just like the laugh when she was on the verge of hysteria. My experience tells me that this was a problem child. I don't think that the case against me was a grand design on the part of any state or federal agency. It was merely the design of this very macabre individual; a true headhunter. I'm thoroughly convinced that she uses her undercover activities as a cover for her own drug consumption."

Scott Camil takes the implication one step further. He says that on one occasion during the two months he was dating Ives, she brought a pound of grass with her to Gainesville and asked him to help her deal it. Scott says he refused, but by the end of the weekend, the marijuana was gone. And Scott and his lawyer have since learned that she told a friend in Gainesville shortly after Camil's arrest that since she had become a DEA informant, she could do anything she wanted with drugs. Little Miss Ritalin was shifting into high gear.

In fact, informing—and perhaps dealing drugs herself—apparently were not Barbara Ives' only novel ways of supplementing her income. On August 15, her old colleagues at the Orange County Sheriff's Department arrested her and charged her with trafficking in stolen goods. Now remarried and known as Barbara Davis, she was one of ten persons charged with handling $1 million a year in stolen property, specializing in stereo equipment, boats, motorcycles and furniture.

It wasn't the first time that paid informers had tried to get something on Scott Camil. The way his lawyer, Larry Turner, tells it, "Starting in 1971 the word went out—and I mean to the feds, state police, local police, military intelligence, you name it—to get Scott Camil." By that time, Camil had become something of a mover in VVAW. He first heard of the organization in 1970 when Jane Fonda gave a speech at Miami-Dade Junior College, which Camil was attending on the GI Bill. Fonda mentioned an upcoming investigation being organized in Detroit to collect testimony of Vietnam vets about atrocities they had witnessed or participated in. Camil came forward and volunteered to appear at the inquest, called the Winter Soldier Investigation. In Detroit, Camil spilled his guts about war crimes he had been a party to. For the first time in his life, he came in contact with other veterans who had similar experiences, similar doubts and were doing something about it. Camil returned from Detroit as a committed forward scout in the antiwar movement, VVAW coordinator for Florida, Georgia and Alabama.

Emerson Poe was Camil's best friend; that is, until the day he testified that he had been an FBI agent and had reported every conversation he'd ever had with Camil

As the 1972 Democratic and Republican National Conventions in Miami approached, Scott Camil—as VVAW coordinator for Florida—began to take a leadership role in formulating VVAW's plans for demonstrations in Miami. But the government wanted Camil on ice, and although it took three tries to do it, Scott Camil was frozen tighter than a glacier when the chants of "four more years" began to waft over the stucco splendor of Miami Beach.

In January 1972, Camil and his girlfriend, Nancy McCown, were arrested and indicted on kidnapping charges in Gainesville, Florida, where both of them lived. It was a bad rap from the start. Florida's speedy trial law stipulates that anyone accused of a crime must be brought to trial within 180 days. But the government was able to immobilize Camil, like a side of beef dangling from a meat hook, for almost six months. On day number 175, the kidnapping charges were dropped, but in the meantime, Camil had again been arrested and charged with six counts of sale and possession of illicit drugs. Four counts of the indictment were eventually found to be unconstitutional by the Florida State Supreme Court. Camil stood trial on the remaining two charges of sale and possession of marijuana and was found not guilty. Then, on July 13, 1972, the last day of the Democratic National Convention, a federal grand jury sitting in Tallahassee indicted Scott Camil along with seven other members of VVAW for "conspiring to cause riots during the Republican National Convention with firebombs, automatic weapons, and slingshot propelled fireworks." Camil, singled out as the leader of the conspiracy, was also indicted on one count of manufacturing and possessing a fire-bomb, and on one count of instructing others in how to use explosives. Those under indictment came to be called the Gainesville 8, and their trial, held in the heady Watergate summer of 1973, was the last of the great movement conspiracy trials orchestrated by the top Justice Department subversive hunter, Guy Goodwin, who had led the offensive against every alleged movement conspiracy from the Chicago 7 to the Camden 28.

For 14 months, from the time of the indictment until the end of the trial, Scott Camil lived under a cloud. His persistent fear was that the trial would end in a hung jury, and in an effort to deliver some sort of verdict, the jury would compromise by setting his co-defendants free while he would be found guilty on the two counts of the indictment which named him alone. And it seemed that the government was willing to go to any length to put the veteran behind bars. On July 9, 1972, while the grand jury was still meeting, the office of Carol Scott, a Gainesville attorney who had represented Scott Camil, was burglarized. Although there were cash, typewriters, adding machines and other things of value in the office, the only thing taken was Ms.

Al Robbins, a free lance writer living in Philadelphia, is co-author of The Watergate File.

Scott's file on Camil. Several months later, in the course of pre-trial hearings, two FBI agents were discovered with electronic eavesdropping equipment in a cubicle in the federal courthouse in Gainesville next to where the defendants and their attorneys conferred on strategy.

The six-week trial was an endless parade of informers, agents and government plants, all testifying to the imminent threat VVAW posed to the domestic tranquility of the nation. One of these informers, William W. Lemmer, the VVAW Arkansas coordinator, was a reputed speed-freak who had played the role of agent provocateur within the antiwar organization. Another, VVAW assistant state coordinator for Florida Emerson Poe, was Scott Camil's very best friend; that is, until the day that he testified that he had been an FBI agent since 1971, and that every conversation he had ever had with Camil up until that day had been dutifully reported to the local FBI.

When the prosecution completed presenting its case, the defense, feeling that the government had proven nothing and that keeping the jury sequestered for another six weeks might hurt their chances, decided not to go ahead with their plans for a defense. They presented only one witness, a munitions expert, who testified that a match had more chance of exploding than the bomb that Camil allegedly had in his possession. On August 31, 1973, after deliberating only three and a half hours, the jury found the Gainesville 8 not guilty on all counts.

For Scott Camil, the trial had been an ordeal of unprecedented proportion. Camil had become disillusioned with the VVAW national organization during the trial, and with Watergate unfolding like a game of Chinese checkers each day, there no longer seemed to be the urgent need to expose the stuff the government was made of; the Ervin Committee did that better on TV each day than VVAW ever dreamed possible. So the day after the verdict came in, Camil dropped out of VVAW for good, hoping to write a book about his trial experience and just lead a quiet life. There was one disconcerting note, however. A taxi driver taking two of the prosecutors to the airport the previous day had overheard them saying that they would still get Scott Camil.

Scott Camil was born Scott Abramson in Brooklyn, New York. His parents separated when he was 4; and his mother, Gida, moved to Hialeah, Florida, where she set up housekeeping with a Miami Police Department identification technician named Walter Camil. Although Scott was never legally adopted, his stepfather forbid him to tell anyone his real name, nor was he allowed to tell anyone that Walter Camil, who carried a badge and a gun, wasn't his real father. Scott was permitted to visit his real father, Sandy Abramson, but the middle-American microcosm of Hialeah knew the boy as Scott Camil.

Agents seize goods at Camil's house just after he was shot. Besides the guns (bottom), DEA took Camil's book manuscript.

"I was brought up very right-wing," says Camil. "In fact, I'd say I was a redneck greaser. That's what Hialeah was like. When you came over the bridge into Hialeah, the first thing you would see were the '55 Chevys with the 327 engines racing up and down the street. On one side of the bridge was a gun shop and a bar was on the other. My stepfather was very big in the John Birch Society. He made all the tapes for "Let Freedom Ring." You'd dial F-R-E-E-D-O-M and you'd get a prerecorded message in my stepfather's voice about why we should invade Cuba or the communist threat; that sort of thing. It's hard to understand what a Jew would be doing in the John Birch Society, but there he was. He took the whole family to meetings. I was raised with the belief that you didn't question authority."

Scott grew up trying to be one of the guys, and that meant fighting and drinking and racing cars down the main drag in Hialeah. His relationship with his stepfather was tense, characterized by antagonism on both sides. Scott says Walter Camil would beat him often. Once in a while, Scott would sneak away to visit his real father in Miami who would take him to the beach. They tried to maintain a tight relationship. Then, in 1960, something happened that neither Scott nor his father Sandy would understand for a long, long time.

One day Sandy Abramson got a call from Scott's mother. The two were still friends; in fact, they had never been formally divorced. Gida told Sandy that a friend of hers was in from New York who had a message for him from a girlfriend. Sandy Abramson will never forget what happened next. "He stopped by a day or two later. Of course this was a state agent named Charles Sanchez, but I didn't know that at the time. He came to my house, told me about the girl, said she wanted to get in touch with me, various things which all sounded reasonable and logical. While he was there, the phone rang and I took it in the other room. It was Gida. She asked me if I could score an ounce of grass for her. I told her that I couldn't do anything for her, that as a matter of fact, your friend Charley's here. She said that's perfect; that's why I want it, for him. He's coming over here for sup-

per. I told her, no, I don't know the guy and I don't want to get involved that way. I said, look, let me call you back later.

"I hung up the phone, went back in the living room and told him that was Gida on the phone. He said, oh, did you tell her I was here? I said, yes, I mentioned it. He said, I'm going over there for supper tonight. And I said, yeah, she told me; she told me a lot of other things, too. She told me you were a head, you like to turn on. So he smoked with me and we got high and had an enjoyable conversation. Time came for him to leave, so I said, just a minute. And against my better judgment, I went into the bedroom, got my ounce and gave it to him in a sealed package. I said, Gida asked for you to bring this over. And he took it, stuck it in his jacket and left."

One month later Sanchez returned to Sandy Abramson's house to arrest him for the sale of one ounce of marijuana. Abramson was turned over to federal authorities. He was tried, found guilty and sentenced to ten years in federal prison, no probation, no parole. To this day Abramson claims that he was set up for the conviction, that state agents perjured themselves at his trial and that the evidence was fabricated. "I did a lot of time for nothing," is the way he puts it.

To Scott Camil, age 12, the whole thing was even more mystifying. "My mother, my real father and my stepfather all smoked marijuana, so ever since I was brought up marijuana's been in the house. While my stepfather was a policeman, he was growing marijuana in the back yard. It wasn't unusual for me to see policemen smoking marijuana or to see them come over and buy it, or to see them come over and bring it.

"As I understand it, my stepfather was smoking a joint on his break, sitting in his car on the parking lot, and he got caught. In order not to make bad publicity for the police department, they made him tell them where it came from, and he said he got it from my real father. Now all this is what I've heard from other sources. But what I do know of my own knowledge is that my mother was easily hypnotized. My stepfather used to hypnotize her all the time. I was in the house when my mother called up my real father and asked him if he could get her an ounce of dope and he said he would try. He called her back and told her that he could, and she said she was sending a friend over to pick it up. Now I know that for a fact because I was there. I already knew that the guy who was going to pick it up was a cop, because he'd been introduced to me as a cop, but that wasn't unusual for me because they came over and smoked dope all the time anyway. Next thing I know my father was busted. And he was busted by the guy who went to get it. Now to this day, my mother denies that happening, but I remember what happened. I love my mother and I've got no reason to lie about it. So I must assume that she's being honest with me that she didn't know what she was doing, and that she did it under posthypnotic suggestion, which I'd seen my stepfather do to her before."

Scott Camil was caught in the middle, pinioned between his own knowledge of his father's entrapment and his desire to protect his mother. Sandy Abramson remembers the situation well. "Scott came over on his bicycle one day to tell me that mother and Wally were trying to put me in jail. He told me he heard them conniving with Charley, the state agent. And I said, well, I'm glad you came over to tell me, Scott, but it's too late; they've already busted me. So I asked him, you love me enough to tell me about it, how would you feel if I asked you to tell the same thing in a court of law to a judge and a jury. And he got a little shook up and he got some tears in his eyes, and I saw that he was in an untenable position between his father and his mother, and whichever way he goes he's hurting someone. So I told him, look, I understand; don't feel bad and don't be concerned because you won't be involved in any way."

"I just figured why should I let these guys take me somewhere. . . . Here we were in the middle of traffic in broad daylight. I didn't think they would shoot me in front of witnesses"

Sandy Abramson's lawyer later told him that his only out in the case was Scott's testimony, which he refused to use. So Sandy Abramson went off to prison, and by the time the prison system was done with him, the year was 1974 and 14 years of the man's life had gone down for nothing because of one ounce of marijuana. Yeah, Scott Camil knew about state agents. He knew all about paid informers and about how the cops could set you up for a long time in the slam. He had started getting his education early.

Barbara Ives had a job at an abortion clinic in Gainesville on the weekends. She would usually get into Gainesville from Orlando on Friday night, stay with friends and spend Saturday night with Scott Camil. Barbara knew that Camil sold business cards, business forms and telephone answering machines, and according to Scott pretty soon she told him about two friends of hers in Orlando who were opening a first-aid supply house and might be in the market for business equipment. On February 28, Scott says, he first met one of the two—a man he knew as Rick Carp. He told Camil that he would be interested in buying business cards from him, but that he and his partner didn't yet have a name for the business or a business address. "I got good vibes from the guy: I really liked him," says Camil. "He seemed like a really decent person. He deceived me pretty easily. He really did. But then again, Emerson Poe was one of my best friends." Carp's real name was William Ray Porter. One of the counts of the indictment currently pending against Scott Camil charges him with possession of 20 grams of marijuana with intent to distribute on February 28, 1975.

On March 7, Rick Carp was back in Gainesville. This time Carp's partner was with him, but Scott never really got a chance to meet him. Camil says they discussed business machines again. The federal government is charging Camil with possession of 34 grams of cocaine with intent to distribute on that date.

Then on March 31, William Ray Porter and his partner, DEA agent Dennis Fitzgerald, returned to Gainesville for the last time. Camil says that they came to make the final deal for the business equipment, but they still didn't have a name for their first-aid supply house. Scott suggested that they try to find an Orlando phone book, see what other first-aid supply houses there were in Orlando, and pick a name that would be listed first in the telephone directory. What happened next came as a big surprise to Scott Camil.

"We got in the car to go out and get a phone book. I was in the front seat with Porter, and Fitzgerald was in the back seat on the passenger side directly behind me. All of a sudden, Fitzgerald put his arm around my neck, put a gun to my head and said if I moved he'd blow my head off. He violently shoved the gun into my head. So I looked to see if it really was

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a gun, and he shoved the gun next to my head again. I didn't know what they were really up to. I just figured why should I let these two guys take me somewhere; if they took me to the woods, I wouldn't have a chance. Here we were in the middle of traffic in broad daylight. I didn't think they would shoot me in front of witnesses. So I grabbed his arm, pushed the gun away from my head, turned and unlocked the door. Porter stopped the car, grabbed both my hands and pulled them back over my head, and then Fitzgerald shot me. The shot knocked me out of the car. Then they got out of the car. One of them showed me his badge while the other one tried to handcuff me. In the meantime, the Gainesville police got there and stopped them."

Immediately after the shooting, DEA denied that their agents had acted improperly. DEA spokesmen claimed that Fitzgerald had pulled out his badge along with his gun, identified himself as a federal agent and informed Camil that he was under arrest after Camil had sold the agents 2½ ounces of cocaine in the car. According to DEA, Camil then attacked Fitzgerald, karate-chopping him, causing the gun to accidentally discharge. But initial DEA reports claimed that Camil had been shot in the left armpit, not the back. And an eyewitness to the shooting, Dan Joiner, says he saw no sign of a fight.

Joiner, a construction worker in Gainesville, was having a Coke in Bonnie's Restaurant with his nephew when he saw a late-model Chrysler come to a jerky halt about 75 feet away. "All I know is this guy in the front seat was trying to get away, and the other two wouldn't let him. I didn't notice his pushing or anything; he was just trying to get out. This guy in the back had his arm around his neck, and this guy who was driving had both his hands on him. The door started to open and I heard a shot. He fell out of the car. We ran over there and this guy says, 'Stand back; we're narcotics agents.' We just stood around until the police got there. The police asked if there were any witnesses, and I didn't say anything. And one of the guys who was in the car says, 'We don't need any witnesses.' He said he had all the witnesses he needed. I thought that was kind of funny and I told the police officer, 'Nobody else saw it that I know of except me; there was nobody else around that I could see.' " When John LePore, special agent in charge of the Orlando DEA office, was confronted with Joiner's story the following day, he told a reporter, "You can come up with as many horseshit witnesses as you want, but don't bother me with them."

Camil was shot at 4:30 in the afternoon. At 4:48, three DEA agents arrived at Camil's house and began to search it. They were in control of the house for at least 45 minutes before Camil's lawyer, Larry Turner, arrived and asked if they had a search warrant. The agents didn't have one. The owner of the house, P.N. Boothby, then asked the agents to leave or he would call the police. They refused, but waited outside on the porch until a search warrant did arrive at 7:45. Two of the agents didn't find anything very suspicious in their search, but the agent in charge, Hugh Wingfield, struck paydirt when he searched the kitchen. There he found $2,300 in a half-empty box of Cheerios, and approximately one pound of marijuana concealed in a box of Tide. All the other agents were able to come up with was $1,000 that Camil says he got through the sale of a portion of his gun collection, three shotguns which Camil lawfully owned, three sets of scales—one broken, one used to weigh meat and another used for postage—some drug-related paraphernalia like papers and roach clips and less than an ounce of marijuana. In addition, the agents took the manuscript of the book Camil was writing about the Gainesville 8 trial, all of his notes for the book and a number of address books that contained the names and addresses of people who had given financial support to the Gainesville 8. The search ended at 10:30 in the evening.

"The government knows that by throwing cocaine into it, a lot of support is turned off," Camil says. "And the support's been really poor"

Camil denies that the marijuana in the Tide box or the $2,300 in the Cheerios box were his. He freely admits to smoking marijuana, but only for his own personal use. What concerns him more is that the agents took his book manuscript and other material connected with the trial which the government could conceivably use to go after other dissident activists. And, of course, there's the shooting. "Basically, these guys just came into town," says Camil. "They did not notify the local DEA here, they did not notify the federal judge here, they did not notify any local authorities. They did not have an arrest warrant and they did not have a warrant to search my house. They took me in a car, they did not identify themselves, they shot me in the back with an unregistered gun that did not belong to them. And they shot me while one of them was holding me down." On April 2, three days after the shooting, while he was lying with a hole in his back in Alachua General Hospital, a federal grand jury returned a six-count indictment against Scott Camil. He was charged with two counts of possessing marijuana with intent to sell, two counts of possessing cocaine with intent to sell and two counts of assaulting federal officers.

To a great extent, Scott Camil's current problems with the law add up to a question of his word against theirs. But there are enough holes in the DEA version of the incident to make it appear that the arrest and shooting were part of a concerted effort to screw Camil to the proverbial wall.

The shooting speaks for itself, at the very least, as an unnecessary display of force. As Camil himself is quick to point out, he has been arrested on several previous occasions, and has never resisted arrest or in any way given the arresting officers any problems once they had identified themselves and served him with an arrest warrant. DEA, on the other hand, has been involved in many incidents where innocent people were victimized by undercover agents who didn't identify themselves. Dennis Fitzgerald, the agent who shot Camil, has a reputation for being quick on the trigger. It was Fitzgerald who claimed after Camil's shooting that the gun had discharged accidentally when Camil grabbed it during a struggle in the car. But an FBI examination of the weapon, including a paraffin test, has established that Camil never touched the gun.

There's also the question of the gun itself. Why would two federal officers making an arrest use an unregistered weapon instead of their service revolvers? No answers have been forthcoming, but in her August 1974 deposition Barbara Ives testified that she owned an unregistered Llama .380—a somewhat rare Spanish handgun similar to a .357 Magnum—the same type of weapon Fitzgerald used to shoot Camil. Carrying the gun "might be illegal," Ives said at the time, "but nobody has a right to call me up and threaten me and take out a contract on me." It hasn't yet been definitely established that the gun Fitzgerald used was the same one Barbara Ives said she carried in 1974.

Camil (right) and co-defendant John Kniffin at the Gainesville 8 trial. The jury acquitted all defendants.

Barbara Ives' role in setting up Scott Camil for the bust adds another note of mystery to the whole affair. Why should DEA send a paid informer from Orlando to Gainesville, almost 100 miles, assigning her to become sexually involved with a "dangerous" suspect? Why did DEA suddenly become so actively interested in getting something on Scott Camil? A partial answer lies in the way DEA handled the affair following the shooting. Camil's indictment was very sloppy. The affidavit filed to get the search warrant on March 31 attests that Scott Camil sold agents Porter and Fitzgerald approximately 2½ ounces of cocaine for $2,300. Yet, no cocaine was ever found in Camil's home, and he was indicted for possession with intent to sell, not the actual act of selling which the agents claim took place. Also, the cocaine Camil allegedly sold Porter and Fitzgerald was found in the trunk of the car following the shooting, where the agents say they put it for safekeeping. The inventory of the search of Camil's home shows that the agents found, at most, a pound of marijuana. But Camil's indictment states that he possessed two pounds of marijuana with intent to sell. That, coupled with the fact that the agents were alone in the house long enough to plant whatever they pleased, adds up to a pretty big question mark.

Camil has his own theory about the nature of the indictment. "Abbie Hoffman skipped out on a cocaine bust, and he lost a lot of support in the movement because of that. And the government knows that by throwing cocaine into it, a lot of support is turned off. And the support's been really poor." Camil might have added that the cocaine charges also turn off media attention. This is the first account of the incident to appear in any national publication outside of a brief initial account of the shooting in the *New York Times*. Both the warrant to search Camil's home and his indictment were handed down after he was shot, almost making the charges appear to be a search for a rationale following a fait accompli.

It seems that Scott Camil has become the victim of some vague political vendetta being pursued by various federal authorities. The man who is prosecuting Camil, Jack Carrouth, also prosecuted him in the Gainesville 8 case, and was one of the two men in that cab who allegedly swore that Camil would be nailed. But Carrouth's conflict of interest in this case goes even deeper than it would appear. Carrouth is one of four defendants in a $1.5 million civil suit filed by the Gainesville 8 defendants, including Scott Camil, for punitive and compensatory damages stemming from the prosecution of the Gainesville 8 case. The civil suit is still being litigated.

On May 19, 1975, the home of William Cassel, a University of Florida law student working as an investigator for Camil's lawyer, was burglarized. Although there were many things of value in the house, only one television was taken. And the investigator's file on Scott Camil, alone among all the files in the house, was tampered with. The file contained sensitive defense data being prepared for use in Camil's upcoming trial in September. But by now, Scott Camil has almost become accustomed to such incidents. Several similar burglaries took place during the Gainesville 8 trial, and early this year, the apartment of a screenwriter working on a film script based on Camil's book about the Gainesville 8 was burglarized as well. In that break-in, the only things missing were the writer's typewriter and a rough copy of the script.

"This might be hard to understand," Camil says, in a sort of philosophical overview of the whole affair, "but as much as I've been abused by the government, as much as I distrust the government, they still really surprise me, because deep down inside I really don't expect them to be as bad as I think they are. You know, I think this kind of stuff is over; this isn't going to happen anymore. And they just keep on surprising me." ●

ADVICE FOR AMERICA

Walter Cronkite

Nikki Giovanni

In just ten months the United States will celebrate its two hundredth birthday with a whole lot of hoopla. But do we really feel like celebrating? "We must be doin' somethin' right to last two hundred years," Haven Hamilton croons in *Nashville.* Presumably he's not referring to the parade of horrors in that movie: one assassination, assorted infidelities, rampant anything-for-a-buckism, one nervous breakdown, vicious sexism. . . .

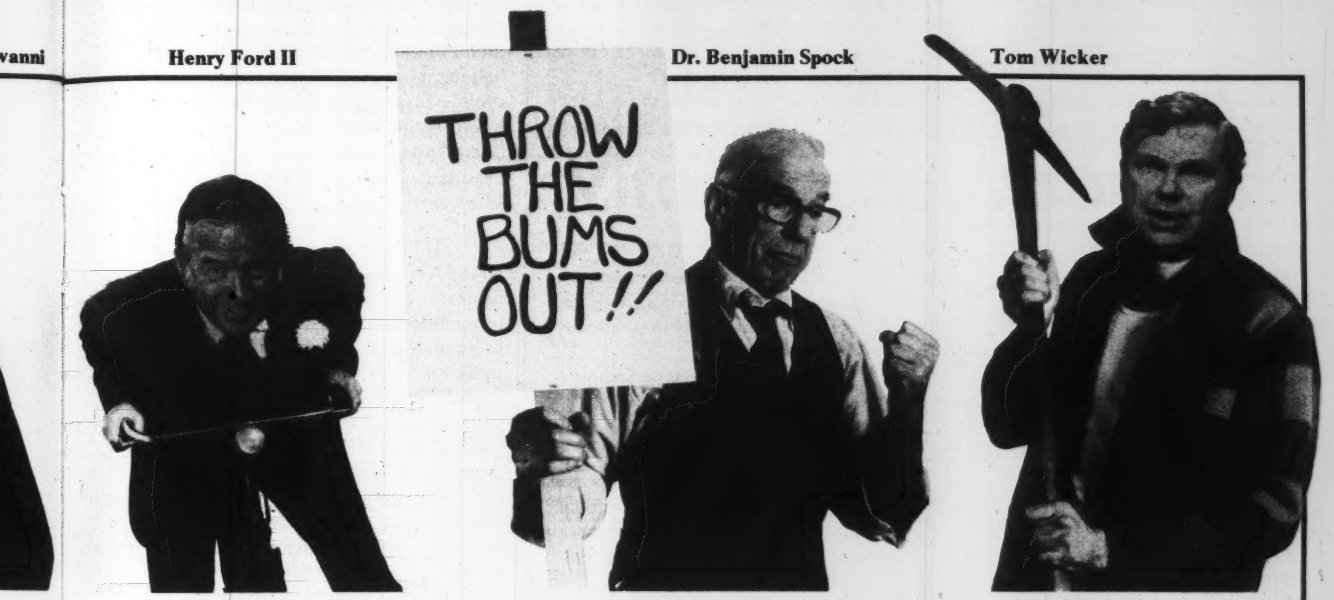
It's hard to see what Haven *is* referring to but easy enough to cite our sea of troubles. Just as the worst recession in a generation seems to be bottoming out—but before any recovery can begin—inflation again threatens to take off into the stratosphere. In Washington, the Democratic Congress and the Republican President are locked in a stalemate. Racial bloodshed finds a cozy home in South Boston. The cascade of stories about FBI and CIA abuses and criminality is rivaled only by the torrent of confessions by huge corporations that they've bribed everybody in sight. The poor get poorer and the rich get kidnapped. Around the world American influence wanes while totalitarianism waxes. Dramatic events force us to notice once again that our most powerful union is a virtual Mob subsidiary. Good Humor ice cream is cited for a high bacterial count. Millions of people live on the dole while a million tasks remain undone.

But enough of this negativism! Let's get on with it! At *New Times'* request free-lance writer George Sullivan asked a number of prominent Americans what is to be done. If you were given unlimited power to effect change, he asked, what would you do to cope with our crises? Here are some of their responses:

I think the main problem we face today in America, and one we will continue to face in the future, is that we think one thing—one act, one law, one proclamation—will somehow cure our national disease. We are social beings; we comprise in America all the races, religions, economic strata of the world. There will be no one solution; there will be, in fact, no solution at all, because life is not a problem; it's a process. We live.

There must be, of course, some method of income redistribution. One of the sad, but true facts that must be faced is that we will distribute down not up, that the rich will become less rich, while the poor will remain more or less static though their numbers will increase. There must be a floor on poverty, and in order for that to be more than a slogan there must be a ceiling on wealth. It is personally repugnant to me that Nelson Rockefeller admitted at his Senate confirmation hearing that he controls about $1.3 billion.

But, if I could only make one change, I would choose education. I think an enlightened populace will never be long fooled. I would choose to have as our number one national priority the teaching of teachers. We need to go right to basics of reading, writing, mathematics, and we need to at least



triple our output of teachers. We need to thoroughly integrate our schools from kindergarten through college. That would be a massive effort, but if we don't seriously set about making our people not only literate but concerned and viscerally aware that other people live on this earth, and that mankind shares the air and the seas with other creatures, we are going to lose it all.

Nikki Giovanni
Poet

In my opinion the only real way to get out of our present and possibly future mess is to increase radically our productivity. I have been experimenting with the idea of a so-called skill bank. In other words, every person should, at the end of the day or the end of the week, have learned a few new things. The emphasis should be on personal growth, which can add up to the growth of the country.

Ernest Dichter
Think Tank President

We simply cannot continue using—and misusing—energy at our present rate in this country. Voluntary conservation is fine as far as it goes, but we know now that it does not go far enough.

Mandatory steps, even though temporarily unpopular, are necessary if we hope to liberate ourselves from the threat of a future oil boycott. One such step is a tax increase on gasoline of at least 10¢ per gallon at the pump, most of it rebatable to the consumer. The government should also encourage the move toward smaller, more gas-efficient automobiles by taxing the producer of poor-mileage cars and rewarding the purchaser of a high-mileage car with a cash rebate. And we must put real money and muscle, not merely lip service, into the development of new domestic sources of energy.

Charles H. Percy
U.S. Senator, Illinois

If I were given "unlimited power to effect change," I'd change my title from "Rev. Father" to "Indira Gandhi" and tell people to run like hell or as fast as their legs could carry them. I'd tell anybody who would listen that I had in me the unhealthy virus of totalitarianism. I'd do my best (with my "unlimited power") to warn them that unless they get involved at local levels everywhere in American life, the future will more and more come into focus as a violent police-state monstrosity.

In other words, with mass unemployment cynically being preserved as a permanent fixture of U.S. society, and the perpetuation of a nonfunctional minority that has no place or future in American life, a 200th anniversary nonviolent people's revolution at grass roots levels may be the nation's only hope.

Malcolm Boyd
Radical Priest

I feel about most program ideas, even the good ones, about the way Oscar Levant said, with a sigh, he felt about pornography: "It helps."

But there are half a dozen programs that I would like to use my unlimited power for:

A negative income tax to take care of the working poor.

A public jobs program large enough, variegated enough, imaginative enough to take care of the unemployed.

A court diversion program to reduce the number of people being processed through the criminal justice system to a manageable minimum—which could still include all the perpetrators of violent crimes and maybe even do something about them and for them.

A metropolitan area-wide voluntary busing scheme—voluntary for the busees but compulsory for the recipient suburbs, to end white flight, preserve urban neighborhoods and give lower class children, black and white, a chance for decent schooling.

And a large-scale, highly imaginative voluntary public service work program for the young and the elderly, which could change our attitudes toward what we can do for society and what society can do for us.

Adam Yarmolinsky
Professor, University of Massachusetts

I don't believe any change is going to be made without masses of people being involved. This is one of the lessons of the Vietnam War. The key to the future is in unleashing the vast creativity within average people, not just within a few geniuses. I believe socialism is the

next step, and eventually communism, which means no rich and no poor and freedom to do your own thing as long as it doesn't hurt somebody else.

But in order to get there the most important first step is to open up prime-time television to a genuine exchange of opinions between a wide variety of human beings. This can be done. It just means taking television out of the hands of the moneymakers—the profiteers.

Pete Seeger
Folk Singer

If I were "given unlimited power to effect change," I undoubtedly would botch things up. That's a terrible concept!

But if I were dictator, I would set down a list of priority problems to be solved and establish NASA or Manhattan-type administrations with full authority to enlist the resources of the nation to solve them. These would include the problems of pollution, energy, mass transit and the decay of the cities. And there are some things I'd do immediately, such as providing the nation with adequate medical insurance and sweeping the country for unregistered arms. I would also—assuming I could usurp local authority—establish a program of public service jobs to be performed by convicted felons.

And this doesn't even get me started on defense and foreign policy.

But you said you wanted one policy or program. Make it medical insurance to remove the fear from all Americans of the disaster of catastrophic illness.

Walter Cronkite
Anchorman, CBS Evening News

The main reason that the economic situation in the world is so bad is that 10 percent of the world's resources are being wasted on militarism. It is pure nonsense to increase the military budget in the United States after bringing our involvement in the war in Southeast Asia to an end. The materials and labor devoted to continued militarism constitute a pure waste.

There is something wrong with a world system that permits such a waste of resources and of man's effort, and that leads to a situation in which many people are idle and yet there is a shortage of needed consumer goods. An economic system, such as we have, that depends on unemployment to keep going is both irrational and immoral. It needs to be changed.

Linus Pauling
Nobel Laureate

I think that as a people we have lost faith in the due process of the law and certainly in high government officials.

I feel that we should all do our best to elect dedicated members of Congress and of the Senate and ignore TV personalities and the verbal diarrhea that elected such trash as Richard Nixon and his cohorts.

Sam Peckinpah
Motion Picture Director

I am very happy with the way things are now and would not advocate any changes economically or politically for the next ten years.

I think the system is perfect.

Art Buchwald
Syndicated Columnist

The single most important policy I would want to see initiated is a national full employment policy that assures every single person capable of work a decent job at a decent wage.

Vernon E. Jordan, Jr.
Executive Director, National Urban League

The one policy or program that I would seek to initiate is a rapid and drastic redistribution of income in the United States. This doubtless would call for extensive changes in our political and governmental structure—to be effective.

James MacGregor Burns
Professor, Williams College

If it was left up to me right now, there would be a government-sponsored national TV program on "True-to-Science Social Education"; and it would be accommodating representatives of the American Religious Communities: Jewish, Christian and Islamic.

.W. D. Muhammad
Supreme Minister of the Lost Found Nation of Islam

If I were given the power to effect change, I would cut the armaments budget, guarantee a job to every American who wants one, institute day care with good preschool educational programs on a national basis and apply stricter rules for welfare eligibility. I would rebuild America's slums both to upgrade housing and to create more high-paying jobs for the nation's poor. In addition, I would abolish the prison system as it currently exists and establish work farms for incorrigibles and dangerous criminals, and treatment centers for all treatable offenders, who would be permitted to work outside the centers and live, at least part time, with their families. All of this would be toward helping more people out of the poverty cycle, educating our children and lowering the crime rate.

Joan Ganz Cooney
President, Children's Television Workshop

If I had unlimited power I'd goad all the American people into a rage against the Republican and Democratic officeholders who are failing miserably to solve their problems of inflation, pollution, depletion, unemployment, inadequate health care, poor housing, poor schooling, who meekly accept the suicidal proposal of Ford to increase our terrifying oversupply of arms.

Then the people would turn to a Peoples Party that would owe its allegiance to them rather than to industry. It would create a democratic, decentralized socialism in which the people of every neighborhood controlled their own industry, health facilities, schools, recreation—everything.

Benjamin Spock
Pediatrician

For the short run, I would concentrate on a public-employment program for young people, with emphasis on projects such as upgrading the railroads and redeeming or preventing environmental damage.

For the long run, I would provide a minimum income level for every American, as a matter of right.

Tom Wicker
Columnist, The New York Times

I'm not an economist, social scientist or politician, so I have no concrete ideas as to how the country should cope with its problems. If I were given unlimited power to effect change, the best I could hope to do would be to pick a leader who would set forth for the American people what its true priorities must be for the survival of the nation and the world. He would be a leader with the courage, who, to paraphrase Orwell, would not be afraid to tell the people what they did not understand at the moment and therefore did not wish to hear. I believe America is thirsting for the man with the guts to say, "I must take you through some very rough tomorrows, in order that we all may live to see next week."

Norman Lear
Television Producer

Find ways to use all our energy supplies more efficiently and expand domestic energy production from all sources, conventional and unconventional. The most effective way to discourage energy waste and encourage energy production is to work through the marketplace by letting the price of energy reflect its rising value, as the President has proposed.

Henry Ford II
Chairman, Ford Motor Company

I see hope only in long-term commitments. First of all, a willful rejection of the greed syndrome and, consequently, a transformation of the production-consumption ethic. That would gear the U.S.A. to earth and, for example, care for the elderly and apartheid of all kinds.

Paolo Soleri
Architect and Artist

While I know it is unpopular, it seems to me that some form of a minimum family income, perhaps an adaptation of the plan proposed by Pat Moynihan, would be a great domestic ideal.

(Rev.) Theodore M. Hesburgh, C S.C.
President, Notre Dame University

The total cost of health care services in the U.S. was up to $104.4 billion last year. Almost half of that was attributable to hospital costs. Provide that care at government expense, and you've eliminated an incredible financial burden from a lot of people. The program would be financed through payroll deductions at a rate which would average out at less than $30 per month per household.

Patsy T. Mink
U.S. Representative, Hawaii

While of course no one policy can be a panacea for our many problems, I believe the highest priority should be assigned to eliminating the enormous deficits of the federal government. The unbridled spending of the government is bound to rekindle inflation, which steals from the paycheck of every working man and woman.

Harry F. Byrd, Jr.
U.S. Senator, Virginia

I have no plan for saving the country today. Instead, I am going to the beach.

Gary Trudeau
Cartoonist, Doonesbury

Vitamins for your hair.

7 vitamins for your hair. Plus 5 minerals. All in one capsule.

Nutritional therapy for hair is not new. Major nutritionists, such as Adelle Davis, have prescribed it for years.

Vitamin and mineral research has revealed information of great importance to health care in general. And more scientific breakthroughs in these areas continue.

But fifty years ago, little was known about what we today consider basic nutritional knowledge. For example, vitamins A, B, and C were not yet discovered. And according to Clara Mae Taylor, Professor of Nutrition at Columbia University, the fact is that we are still on the verge of realizing the full impact of nutrition on our lives.

Vitamins and minerals in the right combinations and in the right proportions are necessary to keep your body healthy. And the same holds true for your hair as reported in a definitive text by Drs. Agnes Savill and Clara Warren of Great Britain.

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Head Start capsules contain twelve vitamins and minerals that major nutritionists believe are responsible for healthy hair in men and women alike. And in proportions suitable to what needs to be done to get your hair and scalp in shape. So if you're already taking an ordinary commercial vitamin, by all means don't stop. They've got a job to do. But it's not Head Start's job.

Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

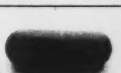
Hair grows seven times faster than body cells.

In her study, Columbia's Dr. Clara Taylor reported that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the

head as often as once every three to four years.

Therefore, hair must receive the same king of specific dietary attention you d give your body in general.

And according to Dr. Allen Lorincz of the University of Chicago, the skin sheds cells from its surface all the time. Since the regrowth of the surface cells on the scalp is believed to be seven times faster than on any other part of the body, general nutrition—even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—just isn't sufficient in this day and age to sustain growth of a healthy scalp.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What you need is a regular program to insure that your hair and scalp are healthy. You need Head Start. It's as fundamental as taking a once-a-day vitamin.

As you grow older your hair needs more vitamins.

Your circulatory System becomes less efficient as you grow older. And it's generally held that aging produces a slow-down in the blood flow to certain parts of the body. That's one reason you get wrinkles and other earmarks of old age.

But it can also contribute significantly to the tendency of men (and in some cases, women) to begin to lose their hair—to go bald— as proper blood flow slackens.*

The body's blood delivery system simply breaks down. The tiny capillaries that feed the surface of the skin just don't work as they did when you were younger. Circulation is poor.

And your hair—which still needs the same amount of nutrients it used to—starves to death. Head Start can give you the help you need. Because Head Start provides large doses of nutriments in a concentrated form. That way your scalp can receive more of what it needs.

Laboratory tests indicate hair needs certain vitamins and minerals.

Dr. W.H. Saunders, who specializes in nutrition, uses laboratory analysis of hair to determine vitamin and mineral deficiencies. And he says that the body is a factory, food is its fuel, and one of its products is hair.

Thus the richer the fuel in vitamins, minerals, and protein, the healthier the body, including the hair.

Medical researchers today are using the electronic microscope to analyze hair (magnified 1000's of times). When the hair is magnified certain mineral deficiencies can be detected.

Dr. Saunders also reports that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate—which assures that the food your hair needs reaches your bloodstream and skin.

In other tests, inositol, a hard to get vitamin, was recommended by Adelle Davis to help thinning hair. According to her, nearly every case reported that hair was no longer falling out.*

And zinc sulfate and inositol are only two of "12" ingredients—each specifically included with healthy hair in mind—that make Head Start the perfect vitamin and mineral supplement for your hair.

Head Start has worked for thousands of users.

There's nothing particularly mysterious about balding cases other than hereditary situations. It occurs for the same reason that some other scalp disorders occur. Dry, unmanageable hair, is a result of unhealthy hair and scalp.

And doctors, like Dr. Quigley in his report to The Lee Foundation For Nutritional Research, are linking both these conditions to vitamin deficiencies and poor hair care. But after over three years of testing and daily use, thousands of Head Start users state that Head Start works.

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Superman we are not.

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Like a mighty mouse, we are small but powerful feisty. Out of all proportion to size, we make waves. Strike fear in evil hearts. Give the tremble to fat cats. Shake the rafters. The Mouse That Roars, that's us.

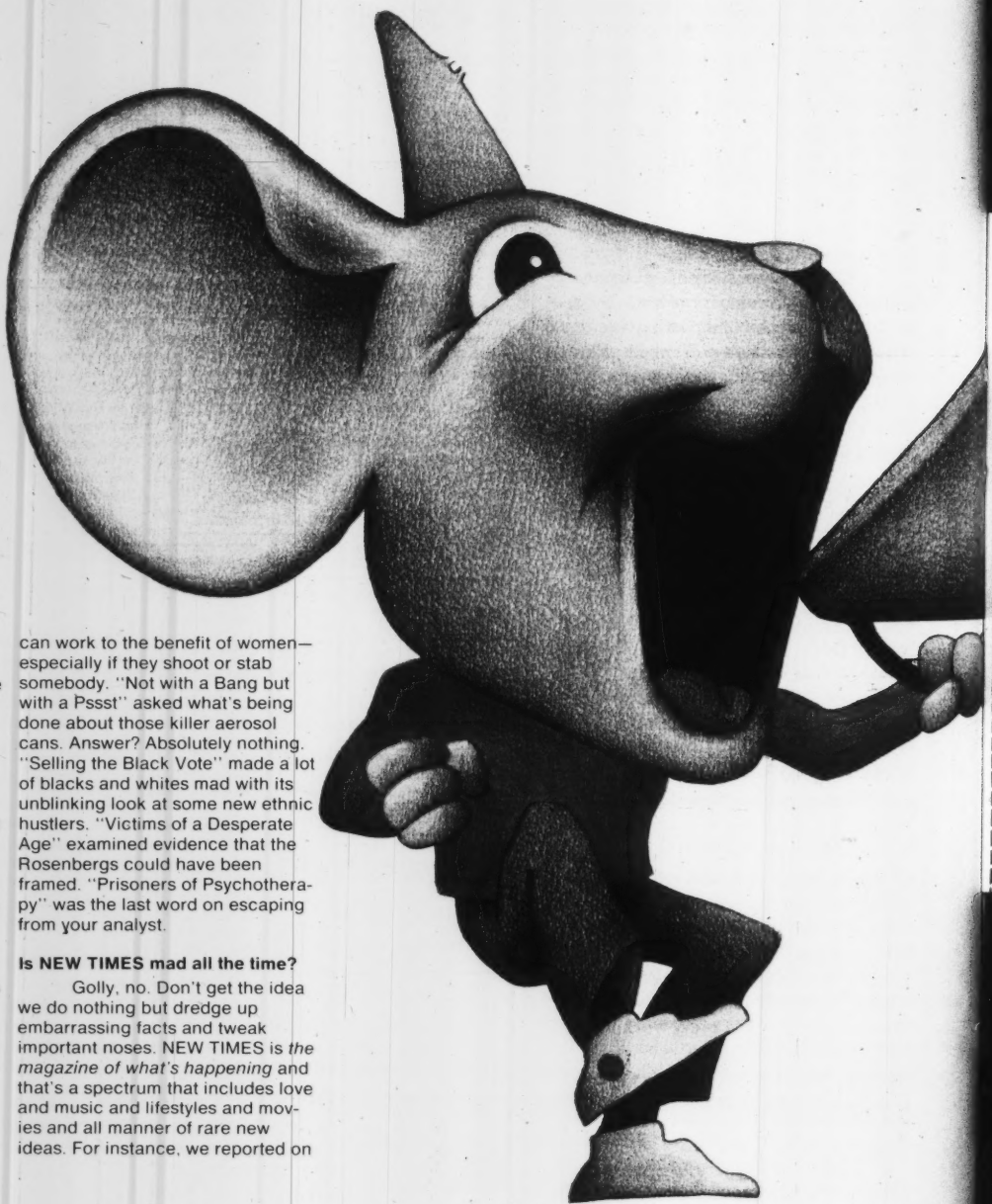
Some recent roars.

Every two weeks, NEW TIMES comes along with a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.

There was our story on "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," with NEW TIMES' nomination for the King of Dumb. You should have heard the screams on that one, including a well-attended press conference called by the King himself. There was "The CIA and the Mafia" concerning the inevitability with which gentlemen who wished to be killers gravitated to killers who wished to be gentlemen. There was our "Rendezvous with Abbie Hoffman"—a trip on the underground railroad that really caused an uproar.

In "The Greatest Cover-Up of All" we looked at the new evidence in the JFK assassination and concluded it was a conspiracy. In "Under Control," we got inside Silva Mind Control. Is it just the latest pyscho-chic or can it really give you the power to look inside other people's bodies? In "The Divine Recline of Miss M" we sought an answer to that heavy question—Has Bette Midler shot her bolt? In "The Prisons of Our Freedom," we visited a nightmare called Camp Pendleton where a lot of South Vietnamese were starting to ask, "When can we go home?"

"Women Who Murder" showed how male sexist attitudes can work to the benefit of women—especially if they shoot or stab somebody. "Not with a Bang but with a Pssst" asked what's being done about those killer aerosol cans. Answer? Absolutely nothing. "Selling the Black Vote" made a lot of blacks and whites mad with its unblinking look at some new ethnic hustlers. "Victims of a Desperate Age" examined evidence that the Rosenbergs could have been framed. "Prisoners of Psychotherapy" was the last word on escaping from your analyst.



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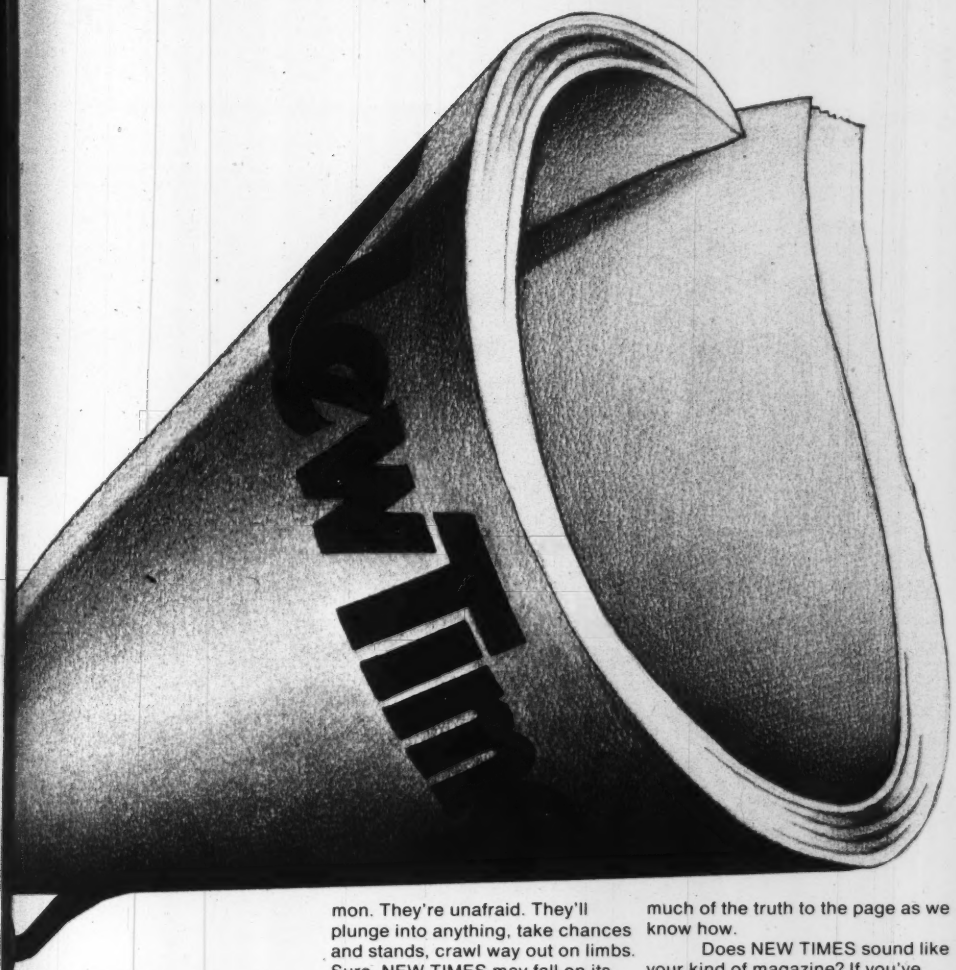

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Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands, crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

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The Mouse that Roars

In San Francisco—still the center of hip—the human potential movement is spawning an ultimate radical party of disillusioned politicos, disenfranchised hustlers and dissatisfied growth groupies. The parallel tracks of "evolution" and "revolution" are finally reaching a crossroads

THE POLITICS OF NARCISSISM

By Susan Margolis

A bride leaps onto a table clutching at her long white skirts to reveal a set of whitewashed male genitals. "Oh!" she shrieks. "My husband was just killed tonight in Korea! Oh! Whatever shall I *do?*" Somebody down on the floor, another transvestite with only one balloon breast ("I had a mastectomy for Halloween," she explained later) shrieks an answer, "Oh! Find another *husband!*"

The room is filled with some of the most ambitiously outrageous sex costumes to surface since the first Cockette review. It is the week of Halloween, the week before Election Day in San Francisco, California; and the event is a political masquerade, the Foreplay Fundraiser, prelude to Margo St. James' gala Hookers' Ball. The funds go to COYOTE, an organization St. James, an ex-madam, set up to get the laws against prostitution wiped off the books. Her guests and supporters include movie stars, feminists, junkies, judges, cops, legislators, whores and housewives, gays, swingers, ministers, artists and freaks.

A middle-aged man in a blue velvet caftan not quite long enough to cover his black fruitboots rests on his haunches and smiles at a young woman bare to the hips and dressed only in a grass skirt who hulas by. He reaches out and places his hand on a hip that is gyrating at his eye level. "Hiya, Carolyn, I'd recognize you anywhere just by your belly button." He kisses her belly button. "Far out," she nods to him, not missing a move, and hulas on off. "Terrific gal," he mutters to anyone who's listening.

"I am a dropout from the establishment," he introduces himself. "Five years ago I was an uptight businessman with wife and kids in La Jolla, driving a Porsche and manufacturing skindiving equipment. Then I went to Esalen and got it that I was okay. I got divorced and now I'm into body work. I'm running a sexual utopia group for functioning couples who want to get higher in their relationships. I make $200 to $300 a week and am going nowhere but up. I have my finger on the whole growth movement. See, I just get in touch with people who are in trouble, and I don't really do anything. I just give them the opportunity to accept themselves for what they are. I am not political in any way—I'm into evolution, not revolution."

He talks softly, mellowly, touching his companion as he tells the story of his life. "I'm into evolution, not revolution," he repeats, a walking cassette of growth movement slogans, true believer in human potential.

Ten years ago the San Francisco Bay Area was the birthplace of two separate movements: one that called itself, with pride, "revolutionary" and the other, with even less irony, "evolutionary." In the fall of 1964, when Mario Savio was riding high and Berkeleyites were working hard at freeing their speech, about a hundred miles down the coast at Big Sur philosophers and psychologists were inventing a system of encounter where people could free their spirits and get in touch with their bodies.

Everyone was yearning to be liberated, although the word "liberated" was used less then than now. Jefferson Poland went to court and had his name legally changed to "Jefferson Fuck Poland" the same year he founded the San Francisco Sexual Freedom League. Somebody in a chemistry lab at Berkeley spent evenings mixing vials of LSD and passing out the magic potion to his friends. There was talk among people who would later call themselves hippies and Yippies of putting LSD in the Berkeley water system because "the only way to bring about political reform is by blowing everybody's mind."

The "revolutionary" leaders of the Free Speech Movement and the Yippies were to face violence and jail terms and personal troubles that nobody could have predicted. The "evolutionary" growth movement offered an alternative commmitment, an excuse to drop out of the public forum in favor of the more narcissistic activities of massage, rolfing, mineral baths and feeling good.

As the one movement faltered, the other flourished. As the '60s drew to a close and revolutionary idealism diminished, activists such as Jerry Rubin lept into the lower-key, reassuring growth movement. Politics up until then had been a pretty straightforward term that described the way people used their power to try to change the world. Even after R.D. Laing popularized the politics of the family and the politics of experience and Kate Millett called sex political, "politics" continued to involve at least two people. But today, in the San Francisco Bay Area, still the center of hip stylistics, the current emphasis is on a politics of the self.

Tonight's Hookers' Ball is full of the freaks and dropouts

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

who until recently got written off as impotents or sociopaths or radical troublemakers. With the help of Berkeley's mind-changing drugs and rhetoric, as well as the influence of Esalen and its offshoots, they have learned to flaunt exactly how they feel—emerging from their various closets, plunging into crusades for feminism, gay rights, decriminalized prostitution and that convenient standby, everybody's favorite: growth.

Touching and feeling, encountering, rolfing and consciousness-raising do deserve some of the credit for the mellowness of tonight's masquerade. Maybe this gathering signals the beginning of a new political synthesis of evolutionary and revolutionary power. Maybe.

But right now, the politics of self dominates and San Francisco seems a microcosm of the movement for personal rights, openness, honesty, straight talk and the freedom to act crazy. If the Hookers' Ball is grotesque, it is because its participants treasure their sense of play. It may be all they have left of their innocence.

Carolyn hulas back our way, and this time the body worker stands up and meets her in a full body hug, contact at every level: face, shoulders, waist, hips, knees, feet. It is an expert hug, one that leaves no doubt in anyone's mind that the two are touching.

"Where are the rest of the celebrities?" hisses a woman wearing nothing but silver body paint and a long braided tail; but there is no need to worry. Two thousand guests will pay their money to share the champagne and organic hors d'oeuvres and floor show before the party's over.

"To change anything that hurts, you have to figure out where the power is and aim for it"

COYOTE, an acronym for Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics, was founded two years ago by Margo St. James with the assistance of Zen poet Alan Watts, feminist lawyer Flo Kennedy and humanist scribe George Leonard. The organization's popularity was immediate: partly because people are worried about violence in the streets and COYOTE argued that police time and energy must be released from victimless crimes; partly because the growing preoccupation with feeling good and talking about it has taken the onus off whoring; partly because Masters and Johnson have managed to dignify sexual needs; but mostly, as St. James herself says, "The group attracted attention because people love to be titillated in public and COYOTE is upfront about sex. Look at the rise in porn! Everybody is touching and feeling these days and whores have been doing it for a living for years. How can baths and encounters at Esalen be legal and hooking at massage parlors and hotels illegal?"

Twelve years ago, when Michael Murphy, a philosophy student at Stanford, inherited Esalen, he decided to invite Eastern philosophers and Western behaviorists to meet there. The drama and serenity and natural mineral baths helped Esalen seminars seduce fugitives away from their big-city ambitions and tensions.

People who felt like dropping out of the mainstream came to Esalen for a style, a tan, a slower pace, some hope, a bath, a closer look at themselves and other people. What developed with growing momentum was a fascination with the politics of the self. And slowly but surely self-consciousness became big business at Big Sur.

Richard Farson, president of Esalen Institute, himself does not believe that Esalen has changed the world. "Look, the most we offer are moments. We produce emotional theater. If we have changed the world, it is by showing people that intimacy is possible. We provide a forum, that's all, for just about anybody who has something to offer in the line of growth."

When Esalen seminars began, encounter sessions were not a major part of the plan; but, according to Farson, when Aldous Huxley and Paul Tillich and Buckminster Fuller and Alan Watts would sit around and Rollo May would come in to give his ideas about human behavior, somebody would say, "Who the hell cares about abstract behavior, Rollo—let's talk about how we are feeling and behaving right now."

Fritz Perls, purveyor of gestalt psychology, was invited to live at Esalen, and his "here and now" encounters took hold. People showed up at Esalen's headquarters both in San Francisco and Big Sur by the thousands.

Esalen Institute was the first to offer the encounter system and a leisurely tan.

Paul Krassner, who has put in time as bather, seminar leader and participant at Esalen, enjoyed all three experiences. "Sure there was profundity to be found," he says, "but it's like Lenny Bruce said about *The Prophet*, 'It also helps you get laid.' "

Even Fritz Perls, guru of Esalen both before and after his death in 1970, was overheard one night in the baths whispering to a member of his seminar: "Here and now, you be your clitoris and talk to my finger; okay, now switch and be my finger talking to your clitoris. Now relax, get in touch with your feelings."

We've all watched gurus and gifted leaders lose control of their causes and egos as their groupies, their passions, their own images seduced them and they swooned in a sweet rush of self-righteousness. When having an audience becomes a way of life, the thrill of being watched

A San Francisco expatriate, Susan Margolis is currently working on a first novel in New York.

Today's freaks and dropouts have emerged from their closets, learned to flaunt exactly what they feel, and plunged into crusades for equal rights.

can get to feel like home and narcissism can become an end in itself.

Worse, it can lead to involving followers in one's own self-involvement so that issues become secondary to adoration and seduction replaces political debate. And not just potential gurus, but anybody can master the soft sell—anybody, that is, who can afford to.

Because now, as Warhol tells us, everybody gets five minutes of fame, everybody also gets in on egomania. And if self-indulgence doesn't come naturally, there are thousand of agencies that sell it, all in the name of "growth." Esalen was only the first to gross $1 million.

Richard Farson had hoped to make Esalen Institute his "permanent springboard for a career in the growth movement," but he was let go this fall after less than a year as president. "I suppose a 15-minute videotape of one of our board meetings would blow the whistle on the whole mystique of the growth movement," he admits. "The politics in here are the same as in the real world: It's all a struggle for power. But don't get me wrong. I don't believe a person has to have his personal house in order to be able to help other people. See, there's a difference between principle and what works." The contradictions inside what Farson says almost melt into each other in his mellowness.

"Like, of course, I firmly believe in liberation for children or women or whoever needs it. That's on principle. I spend a good deal of my time, say, trying to eliminate stereotypes. But, let's face it, most stereotypes are accurate."

Farson tells you how he "feels" about politics. His gentle manner and tentative tone of voice convince you that he's wholesome, just as a class tie and firm handshake and clear eye contact would have done ten years ago. He is a master of the soft sell. But the soft sell doesn't always pacify people who are fighting to raise consciousness. "Consciousness-raising" is a lofty term, and its proponents take themselves and their missions very seriously.

Early last year, Farson fired two leaders of the women's division of Esalen: Anica Vesel Mander and Ann Kent Rush, prominent feminists and full-time consciousness-raisers whose new book, *Feminism as Therapy,* makes certain distinctions Farson does not.

Ironically, their firing and the immediate resignation of the entire women's division coincided with a major Esalen conference entitled "Spiritual and Therapeutic Tyranny: The Willingness to Submit."

The 25 panelists for the confer-

ence were all white men, and the women's division protested that such a cast implied the only serious problem was white men's submission. So a black man was invited to participate; and the women were apologized to but nonetheless excluded from the panels. They were allowed to distribute leaflets from the sidewalk outside the auditorium while inside ex-Yippie Jerry Rubin, *est* mastermind Werner Erhard, rolfer Bill Schutz and president Farson, among others, tackled what they called "the problem of authority and authoritarianism and the potential misuse of psychic powers."

Jerry Mander, former advertising mogul, crusader for the abolition of advertising and television, husband of one of the fired women, maintains that "the conference was typical of Esalen's programs."

"Esalen teaches people how to get comfortable within a system that thrives on other people's discomfort," he insists. "It gives some people a chance to say how they feel but does nothing to affect the cause of such feelings."

According to Mander, the women's firing last winter was crucial because Esalen teaches men to affect a pseudo-gentleness but doesn't question the system that encourages men to be tough. "Look, I'm just not as efficient a businessman as I used to be because, now I'm less 'macho,' I get curious about a person I'm doing business with. But Esalen is still an efficient business. Its gentleness is only superficial."

Even Farson maintains, "If we could just admit we are running a hotel and are bound to have the problems any hotel has, we'd be much better off. But we pretend we're a utopian community, and we're not."

"Esalen is a placebo," insists Mander. "That's why they're having so much trouble. I moved in there for a few months four years ago, washing dishes and studying the difficulties of the 'Esalen community.' I fought like hell for changes. As long as some people push other people around, it's absurd to try to talk about growing and touching each other. Touching somebody who makes ten times what you make and who pushes you around hurts. And firing a guy with your hand on his shoulder is no great accomplishment either. It's a matter of who has power and how that power gets used."

At the Hookers' Ball, the Manders dance with each other and their friends, trading costumes among themselves: a wig, a cape, a top hat and tails. "Margo understands men and the way they feel about power as only a hooker can, and she's generous enough to share what she knows with the rest of us," says Anica. "I think it's fabulous."

"Too bad for us shy exhibitionists," complains one of the women in the group currently wearing the cape over her leotard. "We're totally overshadowed by ricochet sexualists! Look at that dancing— I could never do that in public!"

At one end of the room, some men in feathers are beating rather primitively on some drums and a dozen guests in headdresses, spangles, chains and boas are prancing elaborately in a circle, almost obliterating a belly dancer who snaps her coins and revolves her pelvis accompanied by three veiled attendants beating tambourines.

The belly dancer stops, the tambourines grow quiet, the drums come up louder and there is another ring of dancers, not just gussied-up ones but cowboy types, '30s-looking gun molls, Levied hipsters who join the drummers in an unmistakably earnest chant: "Get it up! Get it up! Get it up! Get it up!" The party is a success: It is being taken seriously.

If self-indulgence doesn't come naturally, there are thousands of agencies that sell it, all in the name of "growth"

One of the men in the circle, a former politico who left public life and plunged into the human potential movement with a vengeance, has come to the masquerade dressed as himself.

"Hiya doin'," he greets Jerry Mander with an elaborate handshake. "Me? I'm in great shape. I've just completed the Fischer-Hoffman system and *est* and I'm heavily into meditation and just today I signed up for two straight weeks of training at Arica."

"Why?" the woman in the cape asks him.

"To get more in touch with myself," responds the person who once convinced thousands of college students to try to change the world. "Just think," he beams. "Twelve hours a day of nothing but massage, meditation and controlled experiences. I really need it!"

"What's a controlled experience?" she asks.

"Like *trespasso*, where you stare at somebody's left eye for two straight hours. It's a fabulous way to get in touch with your feelings."

"Let's try it now," she suggests, and Mander agrees to let them know when ten minutes are up. When time's up, the man begins to nod as if at something familiar: "Yeah, I was aware of tremendous tension in my shoulders and a lot of anxiety. I wouldn't have been able to keep it up much longer."

The woman describes another kind of discomfort. "I looked at your left eye and I saw a blue and white shape, but I couldn't see it as a functioning machine looking at me. It seemed to be locked inside itself, not looking at all, and that bothered me."

"You didn't do it right!" he reprimands her. "You're supposed to experience yourself, not me. Anything you say about me is just projection anyway. Besides, now you've really hurt me and I do feel just the way you said, all locked inside. That's not the idea at all!"

"Baloney," argues the woman. "You are in love with the tension between your shoulders, you don't want to look outside yourself at the world that's putting it there. You keep running back to all these growth groups hoping you'll get massaged into oblivion, but you're too damned smart. Don't waste your money. Have a lobotomy and be done with it. Otherwise you'll be stuck with noticing the problems of the world: your desperate friends, idiot world leaders and your own limitations. You're full of baloney."

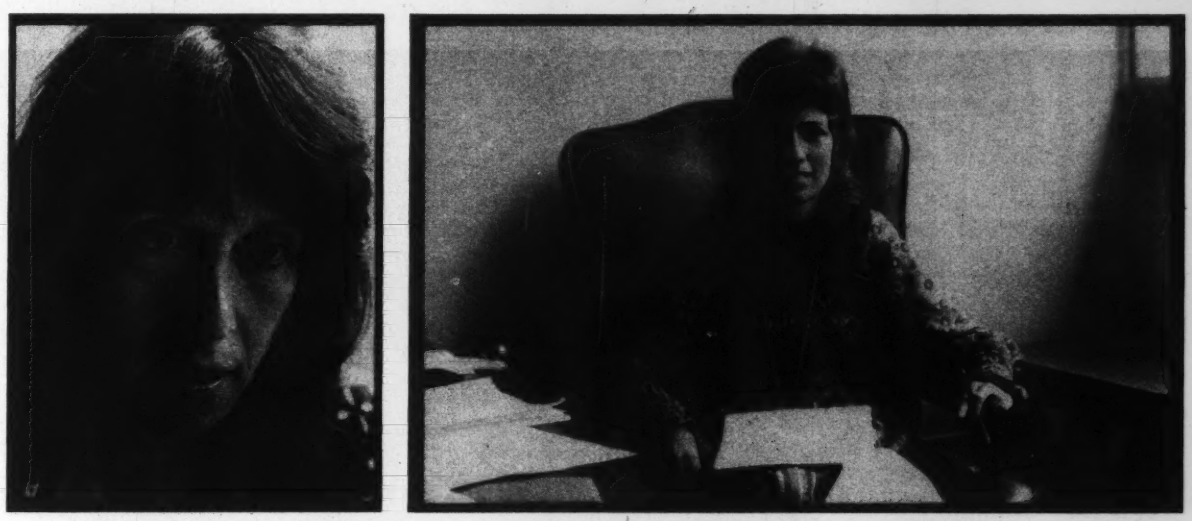
She touches his cheek. "Baby, getting in touch with yourself means feeling pain, too. That's part of it. And if you don't want to do the political struggle anymore, fine. A few knocks on the head, a few nights in jail are enough to scare anybody away from revolution. But don't try to turn yourself into a vegetable!"

He looks as if he's just been hit by a truck. She hugs him tentatively. Then they smile somewhat earnestly into each other's whole faces. "Thank you," he smiles at her. "You really helped me grow. I really feel like I'm growing."

"Far out," she smiles back, nodding.

"Growth is not a feeling, it's something you *do*!" insists Mimi Silbert. She is a director of Delancey Street Foundation, a community very different from Esalen. She lives in the midst of several hundred ex-junkies in a high-powered offshoot of Synanon, where there are no massage tables and encounter is not so much a luxury as a last chance.

"To change anything that hurts, you have to figure out where the power is



St. James (left) founded COYOTE; Mimi Silbert, a director of Delancey St. Foundation, says, "Growth is something you do!"

and aim for it. All this whining about how power is a bad ego trip makes me furious. If your problem is inside you, you've got to find your own power in order to change things. If the problem is out there, you've got to fight City Hall. But sitting around being groovy and talking about your feelings or how much you dig where somebody's coming from is a waste of time. That's not growth! Growth is fighting to make things better. Working off an addiction or working for a guaranteed national income so old people don't have to live like animals south of Market Street, so we won't have to claw each other to bits in the fear we'll die like dogs. The diseases in the swamp breed off each other. And if you don't recognize the swamp, you can't grow."

Mimi Silbert wants to change the world. Delancey Street Foundation tries to give the ex-addict the same sense of power and dignity COYOTE offers the whore, capitalizing politically on the attitudes and techniques that have grown up with the growth movement.

COYOTE and Delancey Street Foundation have taken personal insights public to try to make political changes. They've exploited the liberal emotional climate by touching and feeling. They realize that everybody's life is a statement that says "Look at me as I am" and try to give everybody a little attention as well as respect for his or her own political power.

In making the connection between themselves and a world they can't control, West Coasters like Silbert and St. James give up a little of their laid-back innocence. In spite of their determination to feel good and hang loose, they can't always get what they want. Particularly not without going to some trouble. In spite of the *est* promise that they control their own destinies, their individual wills are limited. They hurt the people they love. They will die—all of them—hookers and sheriffs, junkies and Jesuits, exhibitionists and masseurs, crusaders and complainers. Could tonight's mellowness be a sign that they are acknowledging their common limits and joining together for political reasons?

A fanfare of electronic guitars interrupts the Hookers' Ball, and, as the lights come up, St. James announces that the costume parade is about to begin, to be judged by the sheriff of San Francisco, Richard Hongisto, who credits the growth movement with part of the success of his crusade for prison reform. "People get in touch with themselves and then start to make connections between themselves and people in prisons; and the more people who see that connection, the easier job justice will be," he says.

Lawyers and legislators and teachers line up with junkies and whores and artists to prance across the stage happy as children in this official celebration of narcissism. The sheriff knows where his bread is buttered.

If people are becoming as suspicious and ashamed of power, say, as their parents were of sexuality, then these hip politicos, these arrogant hustlers, may be on the right track. Enormous new energy can be recruited to fight for political changes if hookers and ex-junkies and homosexuals and power-hungry women don't believe they're sinners.

Everybody wants to be saved from despair; and for those of us who are too cynical or too smart to follow a Guru Maharaj Ji or a Reverend Moon or a Jerry Ford or a Billy Graham or a Werner Erhard, tonight's Halloween frenzy offers a soothing of the soul, a celebration of the self, maybe even a modicum of salvation.

COYOTE and Delancey Street Foundation, from the looks of this ultimate political party, have leaders with enough moxy to milk the human kindness of Esalen-sprouted *growers.*

What goes on tonight may be an indication of political change; but the forces at work and the direction in which they're moving are obscure. Will these bugalooing flower children gone to seed close their eyes and join hands and hug until hell freezes over in the name of *growth?* Or when they walk out of Longshoremen's Hall will they take along what St. James up there on the stage with the sheriff calls the "recognition that in a whorehouse society our only hope is to stop sucking and start biting"?

Everybody wants to learn to relax with needs and vulnerabilities and still be strong enough to accept disappointments; and Esalen and its offspring can help. But all the personal growth in the world can't change the world without hard work. The ex-addicts and hookers seem to mix well with their therapied brothers and sisters: They stimulate and soothe one another.

Perhaps the growth movement has served, in spite of its commitment to "evolution and not revolution," as the catalyst that LSD could never have been, drawing disillusioned politicos and disenfranchised hustlers together. If the street-style ambition of COYOTE and Delancey Street Foundaton seduces the narcissists out of their stupor, they might just revive politics in the old sense of the word—making political power something to brag about.●

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEOFFREY GOVE

The music cresting pop charts nowadays is a sophisticated blend of Twenties jazz, Sixties rock and Seventies electronics. In 1975, it's a new sound altogether

By Barbara Rowes

JAZZ ROCK

It was Zelda Fitzgerald who baptized the original Jazz Age in a white porcelain bathtub—spilling over with gin. What followed was an inebriated generation whose silver slippers flashed across the polished dance floors while, in the background, gleaming saxophones ironically wailed the shattered hopes of the Beale Street Blues.

Today, another lost generation is reenacting this scene as the sound of the Seventies is maturing into a second coming of jazz. In a decade when the sales of rock albums are on the decline, a new music is rising on the charts. The phenomenon is called pop jazz. It is distinguished by the movement of virtuoso jazz musicians into the center of pop culture, a heartland once dominated exclusively by rock stars. *Down Beat* magazine's associate editor Charles Mitchell describes this as the fusion realm, the point at which the elements of rock and jazz are combining to create a popular music that expresses the electronic age. Its borders encompass a variety of sounds that share certain elements—notably, solo improvisations and virtuoso jazz musicians. With these as take-off points, the individual styles of the musicians prevail.

But a number of important jazz musicians have modified their natural styles to follow the trends of the day. "We want to communicate," trumpeter Randy Brecker explains. "Jazz has had a reputation as an esoteric music for a long time. This has put off the public, even driven it away. Now we're starting to simplify our styles for the purpose of turning on a wider audience to jazz."

Years ago, record producer Creed Taylor, founder of CTI Records, contemplated jazz' elite reputation and came up with the solution. He decided to record virtuoso jazz musicians playing pop songs. Translated into the present, Taylor's formula has infused rhythm and blues songs with jazz improvisations. Musicians have elaborated upon this scheme by adding electronic instruments, ARP syn-

Miles Davis helped the trend to electronic jazz with the critically acclaimed album, *Bitches Brew*, in 1970.

thesizers, congos, echo-chamber effects and background vocals to frame their solos in alternately breezy and funky upbeats.

While this formulaic jazz-rock is currently turning the stomachs of jazz purists, it is allowing recording executives to cash in. Earlier this year, a heavyweight triumvirate of trumpeter Donald Byrd, pianist Herbie Hancock and reed man Grover Washington Jr. revealed pop jazz' appeal when their recent albums turned to gold. A level beneath them, with albums selling upwards of 200,000, is the nouveau riche—a high society of pop culture that has moved from the jazz clubs to the concert halls and arenas where only the stars of rock used to play.

Even rock's high priests are moving in the new direction. The recent albums of Stevie Wonder epitomize the trend. His music is stretching rhythm and blues into an improvisational art. Wonder is into jazz. He listens to WRVR, the all-jazz radio station in New York. Paul Simon has not produced a folk-rock album for more than a year. He is studying jazz composition and harmonics. Joni Mitchell is scat singing on tour with the jazz-oriented band Tom Scott and the L.A. Express. Carole King's latest single is about a "Jazzman." Judy Collins eulogized Duke Ellington on her latest LP, even redecorating her living room in wall-to-wall portraits of the Duke. "There is a dramatic change in pop music today," Collins says.

The major record companies—with the notable exceptions of Elektra, MCA and 20th Century—are recruiting jazz musicians into their folds with the same fever with which they once scouted for rock superstars. Even the two companies that had virtually phased out their jazz rosters a few years back, A&M and Warner Brothers, are revitalizing them now. A&M has gone so far as to inaugurate a new jazz division, known as Horizon, starting this fall. CTI, the trend-setting company in jazz-rock, last year reported a tenfold increase in revenues since it began in 1971.

Boosted by the impact of jazz-rock, the sales of noncommercial jazz albums have also soared, despite the fact that the rest of the recording industry is in a slump. The average jazz album now sells ten times the number it did five years ago, from 4,000 to 40,000 copies. "People aren't as afraid of jazz," Randy Brecker philosophizes. "They are beginning to recognize that there is beauty in the sound of a horn."

The renaissance in pop jazz has meant overnight success for some jazz musicians. Neophyte flutist Bobbi Humphrey, a 21-year-old college student when she arrived in New York City four years ago, landed a recording contract with a major jazz label, Blue Note Records, three days after she started pounding the pavement. Today, she has two albums on the pop charts. "My goal is to become the youngest member of the club for 'under 35' millionaires," she laughs. She is already halfway there. Twenty-four-year-old Stanley Clarke used to practice Bach, Beethoven and Wagner on his bass "like all day" when he was a student at the Philadelphia Musical Academy a few years ago. On an impulse, he switched to jazz. This year he won the coveted *Down Beat* poll on the strength of his first solo album. "It was kind of natural," the cool and lanky Clarke reflects. "I think a lot of people just dug what I played." Thirty-two-year-old Grover Washington Jr., a level-headed superstar of the cult, was

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Barbara Rowes last reported for NEW TIMES *on the American dance scene.*

selling records at Sears Roebuck for near minimum wage before his album *Mister Magic* suddenly took off. "My income has increased at least 100 percent," he grins. Forty-six-year-old Herbie Mann has been a trend-setter in pop jazz styles for the last 23 years. "But today I am a star," he admits. As proof, he cites a recent syndicated interview with Dick Clark and AM radio airplay for his hit single "Hi-Jack."

Unlike rock, which made its original mark in the singles market, pop jazz was born as an LP phenomenon on the progressive rock stations of FM radio. "We intersperse Eric Clapton, the Rolling Stones and Rocky Mountain High country music with the slick jazz sound of pianist Ramsey Lewis, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard and guitarist George Benson," explains Michael Birdsong, program director of KKFM in Colorado Springs. "Even in this neck of the woods, record stores are reporting increases in sales of the slick kind of pop jazz. Why, last year trumpeter Chuck Mangione didn't draw 500 people to his concert. This year in Denver, when he played Red Rocks, a ten-thousand-seat amphitheater, his concert was sold out."

Although pop jazz has made some inroads into the suburbs and rural outposts, these areas are still the strongholds of rock. The cities are the hotbeds of jazz consciousness. New York City now has nearly 90 jazz clubs. And record stores in urban centers report that jazz accounts for 35 percent of their sales. The remainder is divided among rock, classical and other genres. "During the Sixties the aisles were filled with kids looking at rock albums," a manager of one of the world's largest record chains recalls. "Now interest in rock is dwindling." The shift is graphically expressed in record stores where jazz racks are displayed in the center of the floor along with those of rock. In display windows, jazz albums are now interspersed with the records of rock superstars. It's fairly common to spot an album of a bare-chested Herbie Mann holding his flute juxtaposed to a conservative portrait of the Rolling Stones. One record store proprietor in Greenwich Village actually sent out fliers to his customers announcing: "At long last the Jazz Age has come."

Back in 1967, in the dimly lit Village folk clubs where Dylan had once appeared as the prophet of change, acolytes from the suburbs were mourning the passing of pure folk music and condemning the drift toward hard rock. Sipping their hot chocolates in the dark and musty rooms, they listened to the synthetic Monkees' "I'm a Believer," and miserably expressed their longings for a new prophet of cultural change; a messiah of pop music.

Oblivious to his chosen role, Bobby Colomby arrived on the scene cruising between MacDougal Street and St. Marks Place in a gray vintage Volkswagen looking for a parking space. The Village was overpopulated with similar "beetles" that flashed the same four lavender letters stuck—crookedly—on his rear-view window: C.C.N.Y. The other credentials were just as typical but usually unstated: B.A. *sine laude*, 1966; M.A. in psychology, incomplete. In the back seat, riding like a passenger, was a basketball, which crushed a hot pink bikini crumpled up and half-remembered. . . . Days before, in an advanced psychology seminar, it had suddenly occurred to Colomby that "I was displaying every symptom of arrested development and that this would continue as long as I remained in school. I had a nightmarish flash of myself—at the age of 22—wearing the same peaked hat with the ear flaps to campus as I wore to kindergarten when I was five years old. I walked out of the classroom—and never came back."

He had long been an enigma in the Village scene: a mercurial jazz-oriented drummer haunting the Tin Angel and the Dug Out, where he gradually became immersed in pop culture. Yet what differentiated Bobby Colomby from the other drummers pounding the pavement on Bleecker Street was his extraordinary family background in jazz. His older brother was the manager of Thelonius Monk and an intimate friend of jazz luminaries such as Miles Davis, Horace Silver and even Charlie Parker. "When my older brother brought home Miles Davis or Thelonius Monk, he had me sing the solos from their albums to them. I had memorized much of their music before I was five. They would sit and listen to this little kid singing their entire repertoire.

The average jazz album now sells 10 times the number it did 5 years ago

"When I was a teenager, I couldn't relate to AM radio rock and roll. I couldn't understand how other kids could. It sounded terrible to me. It was like a boy who was into sewing when everybody else was into baseball. Yet I loved the music so much that it didn't even bother me to go to the jazz clubs alone. On the night before my graduation in 1962 from Stuyvesant High School, I went alone to Birdland to listen to drum night. It lasted until 4:00 a.m. and I was only sorry that it ended so soon."

The grapevine among Village musicians was short, and Colomby's reputation grew quickly in this scene which had already attracted several jazz musicians into rock. Among the avant-garde were guitarists Larry Coryell, then of the Free Spirits, and Gabor Szabo, who had played solos with the Doors and the Byrds, as well as flutist Jeremy Steig and pianist Warren Bernhardt of Jeremy and the Satyrs. Colomby drifted into a loose association with Steve Katz and Al Kooper, who both had played with the recently dissolved Blues Project, which had elevated the level of musicianship in rock. In live performance, the Blues Project had dynamited the Cafe Au Go Go with their hyperbolic variation upon rock. But after several albums, the band died because their driving blues style failed to produce a Top Forty hit.

Yet the spirit of the Blues Project was destined to survive. In Al Kooper's sequestered garret on Waverly Place, the jazz-oriented Colomby, Katz, Kooper and Jim Fielder (a former bass player with the Mothers of Invention and Buffalo Springfield) resurrected the Project's embryonic jazz approach to rock. The four musicians were unwittingly plotting the course of pop culture for the Seventies. Their debut at the Cafe Au Go Go, in July 1967, was undoubtedly a red-letter day in pop history, but none of them can quite remember the date.

A few months after the debut, the band was formally christened when its vocalist, organist and songwriter, Al Kooper, happened to stumble into the Village Theater at exactly the moment that a promoter had received word of the cancellation of his act.

"What's the name of your band?" he asked the lingering Kooper, who could not allow this opportunity to pass.

"Blood, Sweat and Tears," he answered, though nobody knows why.

It was a classic ellipsis of a Winston Churchill speech; a title of a Johnny Cash album; a long-standing Byronic phrase. But mostly, in this context, it was a name prophetic of the struggle of band leader Bobby Colomby to keep its concept alive. "We were a group of nine musicians trying something that we didn't think had been done before," he says. "We just played some jazz-sounding horn arrangements on some rock and roll songs, some very good songs. And we had some very good musicians." Alto sax player Fred Lipsius was a graduate of the High School of Music and Art as well as

Berklee College of Music. Pianist Dick Halligan had a master's degree from the Manhattan School of Music. Trumpeter Chuck Winfield had earned a master's degree from The Juilliard School of Music. Trumpeter Lew Soloff was a graduate of The Eastman School of Music. Trombonist Jerry Hyman had also taken courses at Juilliard. They combined with the four offbeat originators to create a unique band of jazz and rock musicians that was heightened by the classical conservatory training. "It was particularly satisfying for me," Colomby confesses, "because my style was so utterly jazz-oriented that I sounded like either an avant-garde rock and roll drummer or a very basic jazz drummer. But somehow it seemed to work out. I was playing right in the middle of everything."

By the end of the Sixties, pop culture was losing its mind. The poetic lyrics of the Beatles faded with the hope of the decade, and the vision of a new society—a camelot of the underground—subsided as the economic recession grew. Woodstock became a memory and Altamont loomed in the future. The college population, pressured by the decreasing number of jobs, came down from its high and turned straight. Nixonian power politics wiped out the vision of a new frontier. Rock music did not die with the change in climate. It just gradually lost its raison d'etre.

Blood, Sweat and Tears made their grand entrance on the Village scene at the beginning of this stage of pop culture in 1968. Al Kooper had left the group feeling it would never get off the ground. A down-hearted Bobby Colomby tried to drown his sorrows in rounds of heavy chocolate milk shakes in the kitchen of the Cafe Au Go Go. "I was compulsively whipping them up in giant vats and drinking them morning until night. Then I got angry. I mean *really* mad. I was embittered because everybody was saying that since Kooper left, BS&T was through.

"One afternoon I got so desperate that I ran onto the street, stopped at a pay phone and dialed the number of *every* pop singer I knew." Both of them were home. Steven Stills flatly turned him down, preferring to organize his own group, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. Laura Nyro agreed to probationary rehearsals with BS&T. "The sound was so good that the carpenters who were changing the space in which we were rehearsing actually stopped to listen." But when the moment of decision came, Nyro chose to go out on her own.

Still determined to bring jazz straight through rock, Colomby assembled the musicians in the storage room above the Cafe Au Go Go. Before he had even set up a concert or hired another vocalist, he was calling six- hour and seven-hour rehearsals to get his musicians into top form. "They thought I was crazy," he reflects matter-of-factly, "but I believed jazz was as much pop music as rock, and that it was only a matter of getting people to listen to it."

Colomby was seven years ahead of the movement in pop music, which at once receded from rock and inaugurated a pop jazz age. "I'm an eclectist," he explains, "a jazz musician by birth; a rock musician by social breeding. The only way I could keep my head together was to move toward a combination of the two."

The band grew into modern messiahs of eclectic music, later haphazardly tagged jazz-rock. "We just revitalized certain songs we knew and loved," Colomby says. "We didn't stop to consider whether they would be pop genre—whether they fit into a certain groove. We believed that there was a quality in some music that transcended labels and time."

The band's originality is earmarked by the intricate arrangements of Fred Lipsius and Dick Halligan. They filled the center of the rhythm and blues-oriented "Spinning Wheel" with a rich trumpet solo by jazzman Lew Soloff, culminating in a carousel flute effect. They heightened the introduction to Eric Satie's classical "Trois Gymnopedies" with a balletic courtship between acoustic guitar and flutes, punctuating the romance in a pause. It was followed by a brass processional concluding in a frenetic friction between trumpets and drums. They resurrected the Billie Holiday classic, "God Bless the Child," breaking through its blues lament with a Latin rhythm led by the trombone solo of Jerry Hyman, the trumpet solo of Lew Soloff and the alto sax solo of Fred Lipsius. "One song we did on our third album I love," Colomby admits. "It was called '40,000 Headmen.' It incorporated some stuff by Prokofiev, Thelonius Monk and Bartok in the *same* arrangement."

They were serious musicians who flouted rock tradition to play what pleased them. In 1968, on their second album, *BS&T*, which sold 5 million copies, the band paid homage to their own virtuosity in one of the most daring early excursions away from rock. A processional of four instrumental solos without a melodic center, it is entitled "Blues—Part II." The final solo is simply noted as lyrics; a blues soliloquy by David Clayton-Thomas, whose bigger-than-brass voice was treated as another high-powered instrument in the band—in contrast to the traditional lead singer with background musicians. "David was the first singer whose words were clearly understood by the audience," Colomby points out. "It was quite unusual at the time."

Hours before their first gig at the Cafe Au Go Go, Colomby was eating a hamburger at the Tin Angel across the street from the coffeehouse. "I casually looked outside. I was amazed. The line for our first performance continued all the way around the block. I broke out in goose bumps."

Did success spoil the musicianship of BS&T? Certainly the high society of jazz did not think so. With the exception of Miles Davis, who vehemently opposed them as jazz stars because they were white, the leading figures of the cult cast the highest laureates at their sneakered feet. It was Louis Armstrong who presented them with one of their three Grammy Awards in 1970, and added to the honor when he said backstage: "You guys *really* deserve this." It was Arthur Herzog, the composer who worked with Billie Holiday on "God Bless the Child," who came backstage after a 1971 concert at the University of Detroit to say theirs was the best adaptation of his song. Finally Duke Ellington saw them in concert at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas—and gave them a standing ovation.

Pianist Herbie Hancock working at a recording session in for his new album.

While jazz society claimed BS&T as musical heirs, Hollywood stamped them as chic. Liz Taylor purchased a front row seat for their engagement at the Hollywood Bowl. When they played

Above: Clayton-Thomas (left), BS&T lead singer, recently rejoined founder-drummer Colomby (right). Below: Grover Washington Jr., on sax, just had a gold album.

Albert Hall in London, she reappeared in the audience—with Richard on her arm. Portland Mason, daughter of James, gave them an official Beverly Hills coming-out party in 1971, which Colomby attended in sweaty bluejean attire, explaining: "Woody Allen is my Yves St. Laurent." In attendance were Groucho, Jackie, Tatum's dad and, of course, Liz.

"What do you think of BS&T?" a soused Robert Mitchum asked Colomby, who was gulping milk shakes at the open bar.

"I can't stand them," Colomby replied. "I'd rather listen to Miles Davis."

Unfortunately for bachelor Colomby, there was one audience who did not exactly respond to them; in fact, when BS&T played an engagement, the groupies ran the other way. "We were a music band. Our animal magnetism attracted nine-year-old music students. They'd wait at the stage door to say: 'I play in this school orchestra. How did you get your sound?' "

It was the same question posed by the recording industry, which confirmed their success by trying to reproduce the BS&T sound through carbon copy bands. There were Chicago, Lighthouse and the Ides of March—as well as a flourish of smaller jazz-rock bands. Even Miles Davis recanted and played Madison Square Garden in August 1970 as BS&T's opening act. He preceded this with a much heralded excursion into electronic jazz entitled *Bitches Brew*—a glacial universe of electronic and acoustic instrumentation with Davis' alternately velvet and salty improvisations moving through the infinity of electronic-rock guitarist John McLaughlin.

Taking the impact one step further, a dean of jazz criticism, Leonard Feather of the *Los Angeles Times*, suggested that despite the Beatles' influence earlier in the Sixties, BS&T just might be the most important pop group of the decade. Evidently the college population was beginning to think so.

At the peak of their vogue, there was a surge in student requests for jazz courses. Before BS&T, barely 40 colleges were offering any studies in jazz. The number increased to 339 by 1974. At the same time, enrollments in Berklee College of Music, the world's only four-year jazz conservatory, were doubling every year, eventually reaching an all-time high of 2,400 students by 1974. "We still can't believe it," a college administrator confesses. "We just walk around the campus mumbling 2,400. Could this really be so?" Only 15 years ago, the other jazz conservatory, Westlake, had closed due to dwindling enrollments.

Early in the Seventies, Pat Cox, who teaches rock music at New York's New School, noticed an increasing number of questions about improvisation in pop music. "Students began to evaluate the musicianship of rock superstars and the sophistication of their arrangements," she recalls. Their interest was neither flip nor fleeting. Jazz consciousness was growing up on campuses throughout the country. Even at the classical conservatory The Eastman School of Music, students were spiking their studies of Bach, Beethoven and Bartok with a dash of pianists Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea and trumpeter Miles Davis. "For the last six years, we've noticed a development in the preferences of our students away from rock and electronic toward a more jazz-oriented music," says Rayburn Wright, professor of jazz. "They seem to appreciate its rhythmic flow and sophisticated harmonics." One hundred of the 600 students at the conservatory were enrolled in elective jazz courses as early as 1970. "These classes aren't required for graduation," Wright emphasizes. "They are taking them because they want to."

Heavyweights in modern jazz circles unanimously give credit to BS&T for the burgeoning jazz consciousness. "I have always believed that pop music was a matter of exposing people to certain styles with which they feel comfortable," Colomby philosophizes. "If kids had heard Miles Davis, John Coltrane and Thelonius Monk on the radio when they were growing up, they would be into jazz—and rock and roll would be alien to their ears."

College radio stations began programming jazz early in the Seventies. In 1971, Boston University's WBUR-FM inaugurated a policy of playing jazz and folk music for approximately 40 percent of their air time. "Today we have phased out folk music. It's almost completely jazz." At Central Michigan University's WCMU-FM, jazz is the late night/early

morning mood. "Our fan mail reveals that it's particularly popular in the prisons," says one student deejay. "Since the inmates aren't allowed to telephone requests, they write them in."

On the literary front, *Down Beat* magazine, the journal for the jazz cult, experienced a decline as the influence of *Rolling Stone* increased in the Sixties. But *Down Beat*'s readership in the Seventies is at an all-time high.

"I don't care if a record sells two copies or a million. As long as there is improvising, it is jazz"

Despite this evidence for the growth of jazz, the recording industry was a little slow in picking up the upbeat. The handwriting was on the wall since 1968, when BS&T began attracting large audiences. But it took nearly five years after the fact for the executives in gray flannel suits to see the light. The breakthrough came in September 1972, when a Brazilian pianist and arranger, Deodato, walked into a recording studio with a little piece of paper filled with notes to himself. "We started playing a score that ran ten minutes long. There were no mistakes. We only needed to play it once."

The impact of this recording, *Also Sprach Zarathustra* or *2001*—finally—awakened recording executives to the new direction of pop music. Before this, the idea of a long classical or jazz score as a number one pop hit was considered too absurd even to consider. But Deodato had taken the classic score of Richard Strauss and enlivened it with a central jazz solo that punctuated its flow throughout. Disc jockeys played it. Kids bought it. When it became one of the most successful recordings in the history of pop culture, recording executives took their cue.

George Butler, the debonair and articulate vice-president of Blue Note Records—the oldest and perhaps most prestigious jazz label—walked into a board meeting of United Artists and pointed out Deodato's triumph. On the strength of it, he suggested that Mick Jagger's successor might be Donald Byrd, a fortyish jazz trumpeter.

Butler's boss quickly changed the subject.

Undaunted, Butler made a secret pact with publicist Ed Levine on the corner of 52nd Street and Seventh Avenue in the bleak winter of 1972. In the midst of a snowstorm, they plotted the shift from rock to jazz. Butler developed the funky electronic rhythms and converted respected jazz musicians to his pop faith. Levine took their albums to deejays and teeny bopper writers, becoming a *de facto* apostle of the faith. As the sound began getting radio play and media print, the sales increased. Butler packaged the pop product in mass market jackets, such as the full-length portrait of a streetwalker that covers Donald Byrd's LP *Street Lady*. Publicity departments, once dedicated exclusively to rock, began to spend equal time on jazz. "I have nine jazz artists playing gigs in New York on the same night," a harried press agent from Columbia Records screams. "I feel like jazz musicians are coming out of the woodwork."

Despite this attention, the new jazz stars haven't succumbed to the glitter trappings of rock. With a tradition of solid musicianship behind them, even the hottest jazz performers have remained low-profile. They consistently accept bookings in college towns as well as in the small jazz clubs springing up in cities. Though they may play Madison Square Garden, the Felt Forum and the Music Center in Los Angeles, they do not arrive at concerts in limousines. "My lifestyle is comparable to the traveling businessman—but they stay at the luxurious Hyatt House," Grover Washington Jr. says. "As soon as you say you're a musician at some motels, they immediately cancel you. They think you're going to be shooting drugs in your room, having four ladies in there, a wild orgy of some sort. They don't realize that when we come home we might play some music low, but we're usually writing, talking about the set we played, or the acoustics of the room. I'm not a star. I'm a saxophone player blowing everyday experiences through my horn."

In reaction to the eclectic music and the commercial success, as with most pop explosions, many cultists are screaming sell-out—remember the howling protests at Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde*. Purists such as Thelonius Monk, Charlie Mingus and Elvin Jones are adamant about separating jazz and pop jazz. "If you apply the term 'jazz' to both forms, it completely loses its meaning," emphasizes Jeff Pollock, music director of KMYR-FM in Albuquerque. "I cannot stress this enough. Although this slick instrumental sound is played by jazz musicians, it neither has the intricacy, sophistication nor dynamics of jazz." On the other hand, popularizers like flutist Herbie Mann argue that improvisations define jazz. "I don't care if a record sells two copies or a million. As long as there is improvising on it, it is jazz."

"My own taste in music has long been a combination of rhythm and blues, Latin, ethnic music and improvisational

Small and brassy

When Bobbi Humphrey first met Duke Ellington in 1971, he was sitting in his dressing room in his undershorts.

"What's that you got?" he asked, eyeing her silvery flute. "Can you play it?"

"I guess so," whispered the 21-year-old junior from Southern Methodist University shyly.

"What do you mean—you guess so?" the Duke cried. "Can you play the flute or not?"

An hour later, the 4'10" black woman from Dallas, Texas, made her professional debut with Duke Ellington's band. "I played on 'Satin Doll,' 'Take The "A" Train' and some other tunes which I had never heard before," she recalls. "When it was time for me to solo, I just played my eight or sixteen bars." After she had finished, the Duke gave his nod of approval. "See you tomorrow," he said.

Days earlier, she had checked into a Holiday Inn in New York City for the express purpose of landing a recording contract—in a week. "My mother thought I was crazy," she says. "She was sure it would take me at least a month."

She had copied the telephone numbers of the *major* recording companies out of the Yellow Pages in her room. "I had written them letters, but none of them ever replied. So I thought I should give the top executives a call."

As it happened, George Butler, vice-president of Blue Note Records, accidentally picked up the phone. "I'd really like to hear your demo tape," he told her. "Unfortunately, I'm going to be very busy for the next few weeks."

"But I decided to go on down to his office anyway," she says. "I wasn't scared at all. I told the secretary that I was one of two women in my college band. Now I thought I was ready for the recording business. I already had paid my dues."

"Well, Mr. Butler isn't seeing anybody," the secretary replied politely. "But I'll make sure he listens to your tape. If he likes it, he'll give you a call."

jazz. The only difference is that now I support my instrumentalists with background vocalists," says Mann. The effect is a breezy, effervescent virtuosity which has moved his audiences to dance. But the congeniality of his style has aroused strong criticism from the cultists who take issue with his airy danceable sprees.

"Can't you play serious music?" they ask the zealous Mann.

"I *am* playing serious music," he retorts. "I think what I am doing is as valid as Horowitz. I'm into the art of communicating. That is the basis of this renaissance in jazz."

As vice-president of Blue Note Records, which releases both jazz and pop jazz albums, George Butler has a foot in both camps. "I think at the moment the record business is in a transitional stage," he says. "Rock does not enjoy the popularity it once did—say, during the time of the psychedelic scene, or later, with heavy rock. Consequently, young

Undaunted, Bobbi Humphrey rushed back to her hotel room to wait by the phone. Moments later, it rang. "Was that really you playing the flute?" he asked.

"Of course," she answered.

"When the vultures come after you, tell them you're with George Butler and Blue Note Records," he said. "Consider yourself signed."

"I was so excited," she recalls, "that I took myself to dinner at Howard Johnson's and finished the meal off with a double-scoop cone."

Her first album was Number One on the jazz charts. The same for album number two. Her third LP, entitled *Blacks and Blues*, was a phenomenon of the pop jazz trend. Not only did it score on the jazz charts but its romanticized rhythm and blues upbeat also soared to the height of the Top Forty LPs. Her latest album, *Satin Doll*, is on its way to becoming gold, designating a million dollars' worth of sales.

The legendary rise of Bobbi Humphrey is the first of its kind in the 75-year history of jazz. Never before has a female musician emerged as a principal player of the cult. Other female musicians—organist Shirley Scott, altoist Vi Redd, trumpeter Barbara Donald, pianists Mary Lou Williams and Marian McPartland, to name a few, are regarded as solid citizens of the jazz world. But its leading ladies, ever since Billie Holiday, all *sing* the blues. "I've always liked recording with the boys," Humphrey says. "I enjoy being the only woman in the band. The guys tease and kid around with me. But once I started playing the jazz clubs, I never let them forget who was boss."

Her concert career took off one night at a performance in Central Park. "I snuck past the backstage security guard by flashing my flute like a guy in the band. 'I'm looking for Herbie Mann,' I said in a very businesslike way. 'I've decided to play with his band.' "

Mann came out of his dressing room to find a gentle child-woman holding her flute. "He gave me a look like he thought I was crazy," she recalls.

"What do you mean you'd like to play with me?" he said. "This is a concert. How do I even know you can play?"

"I said: 'Well, Duke Ellington let me play with him . . . .' "

When she had finished her improvisations on stage, Mann was so impressed that he told the audience about her. "I don't know who this mysterious lady is," he said, "but if she wants, she can continue to play with my group at our gigs."

"I said to myself: 'What does he mean *if*.' "

One night—in the midst of Humphrey's burgeoning success—she went to see a taping of *The Tonight Show*, when Aretha Franklin had been invited as a guest. As Humphrey left the hotel room, she impulsively grabbed her flute. Obviously, something gave her an inkling that destiny had plotted her national television debut. When she sat down in the audience, Johnny Carson started to screen contestants to participate in "Stump the Band." She was selected and all but stopped the show when she started to play. Doc Severinsen absolutely flipped out. He ushered her on stage to a seat in his band. Johnny Carson got her a stool in the spotlight and insisted she play. "But the producer went crazy," she laughs. "I already had preempted two of the celebrities scheduled to appear. When Johnny Carson said that he wanted to interview me, the producer threatened to quit."

From prime time television, she descended into the smoky backstreet jazz clubs where audiences packed in to see her. "I don't think they believed a female musician could be for real," she says. She played three or four sets a night; the heavy schedule left her exhausted with pains in her chest. "I didn't like jazz clubs at all," she confesses. "I don't like to stay up so late."

She moved into the center of pop culture as the opening act for Stevie Wonder on his first tour after his accident. Seven months pregnant (she is married to her high school sweetheart), Bobbi Humphrey emerged in the spotlight of Madison Square Garden blowing airy ballads through her flute.

"Did you ever see such a beautiful black sister?" muttered Wonder during her solo. "Such a little package filled with so much strength."

people are searching for something new and different. And they're looking, I think, for something that requires a little more musical intelligence. If we can capture their attention with a kind of funky jazz, a modern jazz, then we can turn them on to pure jazz."

While the controversy rages in the cult, some purists have chosen to ignore it as beside the point. "What is significant is the growing recognition of jazz as an art," says bass player Chuck Israels, director of the National Jazz Ensemble and a professor of jazz at Brooklyn College. "For the last 75 years, jazz has been a street music. Now the public may be ready to accept it in the concert hall.

"The real renaissance of jazz will come when people have the same reverence for the music of Ellington as they have for Mozart. Some of this music exists only on records. Jazz musicians in academia are taking the time to transcribe it." Israels is a prime mover in this direction. His National Jazz Ensemble, a 16-man big band whose repertoire is a reservoir of jazz tradition, is concertizing in the style of a philharmonic orchestra in small but distinguished settings. "If Pierre Boulez can have an orchestra of musicians expressly for the purpose of preserving a classical repertoire, why can't I have one to preserve a jazz repertoire?"

Unfortunately, the major foundations in this country do not support his point of view. Although they give enthusiastic backing to American arts, jazz is apparently not taken seriously enough to be included in this category. Ironically, no foundation support has been given to jazz composers to create music for the bicentennial, despite the fact that jazz is a native form. Instead, some European composers have been commissioned to write some serious contemporary music for the occasion.

Blocked by the establishment from contributing to the fine arts, jazz composers have chosen the alternate course of scoring Hollywood films and television theme music. Duke Ellington wrote the score for *Anatomy of a Murder* back in 1959. BS&T composed the theme for *The Owl and the Pussycat;* pianist Quincy Jones not only composed the music for *Sanford & Son* and *Ironsides,* but also for the feature film *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice.*

Yet the borders between high and pop art have grown increasingly blurry. Critical articles, with long-winded exegeses of Dylan lyrics, have become commonplace; college courses now treat seriously the themes in Hitchcock films; and it's just a matter of time before the patrons of high art begin to pay obeisance to jazz. In fact, there have already been signs.

Seven years ago, Bobby Colomby had been amazed at the crowd of people awaiting the BS&T debut at the Cafe Au Go Go. Early this year, Colomby once again arrived on the scene—driving a jeep—and still looking for a parking space. Only this time, Colomby—and pop jazz—had moved uptown; he was cruising the streets around Lincoln Center. BS&T were performing at the Metropolitan Opera House, where the group, which has been moving toward pure jazz in the last three years, resurrected their original sound. The audience at the March 23 concert responded with five standing ovations.

In Detroit, Washington, D.C., and Saratoga Springs this summer, BS&T continued their avant-garde role by performing with pianist Chick Corea, an idol of the pure jazz cult. "An interesting phenomenon of these concerts," says Colomby, "lies in the nature of the audience. Half of the people there were the purist fanatics; the others were disciples of pop jazz. When they left, each had been partially converted to a new faith."

The two styles, now side by side, are bound to merge further. And while a small cult never forgets the old jazz age, today's pop musicians, seasoned by the electronic rush of the Sixties, are rediscovering jazz and enthusiastically proclaiming a new musical age. Wailing jazz horns backed by electric guitar and bass are producing the clarion sound of pop music in the Seventies. ●

The high society of pop jazz

Although the aristocracy of Duke Ellington, John Coltrane, Louis Armstrong and Miles Davis continues to register high appeal, a second generation of virtuoso musicians is fast joining the pop society whose membership was once restricted to the superstars of rock. Style in this new creme de la creme is highly individualistic—ranging from hot soul to cool cacophony. *New Times* recently took a nationwide sampling of record stores, FM radio stations, college departments of music and trade papers to discover the new directions of this vanguard. (Albums are in bold type.)

Grover Washington Jr.—reed man creating melodic jazz with a soulful touch
Mister Magic

Herbie Hancock—jazz pianist turned heavy rhythm and blues with mellow jazz lining
Headhunters

Donald Byrd—trumpeter gone electronic soul pop highlighted by background vocals
Black Byrd

Chick Corea—pianist turned into the Emerson, Lake and Palmer of jazz through his recent cosmic explorations; a campus hero
Return To Forever

Keith Jarrett—high keyboard priest whose complex and noncommercial style has won the faith of purist and pop cults alike
El Juicio

Cecil Taylor—contemporary pianist creating his own classical jazz aesthetic
Silent Tongues

Stanley Clarke—young bass player whose electronic tensions are offset by classical relief
Stanley Clarke

Weather Report—six-man eloquent and electronic jazz band with sensitive lyric arrangements and gentle special effects
Mysterious Traveller

Blood, Sweat and Tears—foremost jazz-rock vocalist, David Clayton-Thomas, has come home after a three-year solo odyssey to rejoin the nine-man high-powered band
New City

Oregon—quartet featuring oboe, bass, guitar and sitar, conceptualizing a beautiful and moving Eastern aura through jazz elements
Distant Hills

Herbie Mann—trend-setter who has come up a most danceable natural upbeat heightened by background vocals
Discotheque

Brecker Brothers—Randy on trumpet and reed man Michael playing tight, soul-oriented funk
Brecker Brothers

Larry Coryell—jazz-rock guitarist taking a heavy plunge into electronic jazz
The Eleventh House

Wayne Shorter—composer and reed man with a Brazilian twist
Native Dancer

Chuck Mangione—trumpeter framed by orchestral rhythms
Chase The Clouds Away

Hubert Laws—young flutist into airy rhythm and blues
The Chicago-Theme

Music

The night of the punk

By Robert Ward

Phenomenon of the Seventies: When teenage crazies talk about this fellow Bruce Springsteen, they always call him "BRUUUCE." It's as if they have found the perfect objective correlative for all their retarded passion and just by saying the name they get psychic chills and thrills.

"Listen, Den," I say. "You could take a couple minutes off. The show probably isn't gonna really start until 9:00. You know they have to run their sound checks and all that."

"Sure," says Denny, shaking his head. "I know that. It's a ritual with BRUUUCE. He likes to be fashionably late. But I got my own ritual. I'm fashionably early. I'm gonna have the first seat and I'm gonna see him do the subtle stuff that you guys in the back won't be able to make out. That's the whole bit."

Denny is 17, and he has on a pair of bleached-out Levi's, with a red heart sewn over the crotch and a bunch of neon grapes sewn over the ass, and he is sitting cross-legged on the sidewalk in front of the dilapidated Geneva Theatre, in Geneva, New York. The temperature is 102 degrees in the shade, and in front of the Geneva Theatre there ain't no shade unless you get in just the right spot underneath the marquee, which says, "TONIGHT BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND THE E STREET BAND 8 P.M." And Denny isn't in the right spot. He's baking, this kid. His skin is somewhere past red, and there are signs of big vicious pustules about to spring out on his forehead, which will make Denny look like Karl Malden, and the show doesn't start for six hours.

"I'm from White Plains," Denny croaks. "I hitched up here so I could get the best seat in the house."

"You want a Coke or some Noxema?" I say. I'm getting worried about this child. He could be the first person to get skin cancer and hit the Big Casino in one day. But he's not interested, and before I can ask anything else he's into a trance.

Around 7:00 o'clock I get down to the Geneva Theatre. There are now about 150 people standing in the streets. From somewhere in the background I see a truck and decide to do a backstage entrance. Unfortunately, all the doors are locked, but I do get to hear Springsteen and the Boys working out the sound check. They are doing "Get Outta My Life Woman," the old Paul Butterfield-Lee Dorsey number, and instantly all my cynicism about BRUUUCE starts to melt. Next, the band rocks into the Kinks classic "You Really Got Me." It, too, is dynamite. This group can drop the bottom out and pick it back up without missing so much as a sixteenth of a note, and I start feeling like these bearded T-shirted mobs of kids: I am getting that rush of adrenaline, that white hot amphetamine rush, which really good rock and roll produces. It's that seventh sense, the hot sap rising in the veins, not unlike seeing the high school girl of your dreams divorced and still aching for you at some sleazy bar. And suddenly you know this is gonna be good. Real good.

In 15 minutes the crowd has swelled to about 200 kids, bearded boys and long-haired, 1968-looking girls carrying six-packs and smoking dope, and a few just lurching around like they are victims of shell shock, very serene, smiling and self-contained.

Question: "What's so special about Bruce Springsteen?"

Answer from Jim Peroloo, who has hitchhiked all the way over from Utica. Jim is drinking Miller's, and is laughing hysterically at something he sees in front of him.

"Springsteen, man. He's just the greatest. This scene is a good example. What other big star would start his concert tour in Geneva, New York? But he digs the house. He digs the grunged-out theaters. He'd rather play a joint like this than Carnegie Hall, because he's an *old time* rock'n roller. Do you dig him?"

I admit I have heard one of his albums and was rather unimpressed. This doesn't phase happy Jim.

"I agree witchu, man. You gotta see him, then you understand his music."

"How does he come on?"

Jim has been waiting for that one. He takes a big swig of Miller's, most of which runs down his chin.

"He comes on like a punk, man," he says, smiling and laughing.

"But a lot of rock stars come on like punks," I say. "Like Rod Stewart or Mick Jagger."

Affable Jim nods, and continues to smile.

"Yeah," he says. "But Bruce is a true *American* punk."

Aha, now we are getting down to it. Springsteen has "American Punk" appeal. But exactly what is a "punk," and how does one exhibit "punkiness"? Well, according to Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary, the archaic meaning of punk was simply "prostitute." Nowadays, a punk is the living embodiment of "nonsense and bunkum"; he is also a "young inexperienced boy," but just as often he's a "young gangster, hoodlum or ruffian."

Actually, all American heroes, from Elvis to Bogie to Leo Gorcey, have a touch of the punk in them. This here is America, and nobody likes a sissy. On the other hand, nobody likes to believe in hard-asses like Johnny Cash, except other hard-asses. The average American hero must be at least two-thirds punk; that is, innocent but jaded. Or rather, jaded but essentially innocent. It only remained to be seen if Springsteen was a Good Punk or a Failed Punk. This being America, we hold our punks in high esteem only if their acts successfully embody all our contradictory stances. If not, we write them off with lines like, "He's just a punk." And in that context the word isn't salutary.

As it approaches 8:00, the crowd has swelled to about 300 people, all of whom are screaming and laughing and drinking like the Devil's Rain is about to descend on them. I settle in next to Peter, 21, also from Utica. Peter is giant and has a thin beard and a black D.A., laced with much pomade. He also has on a blue and gold T-shirt with Bruce Springsteen's picture on it and the words IT'S SO HARD TO BE A SAINT underneath. What one immediately notices is that Peter and Bruce (on the T-shirt) look exactly alike. According to Peter, "Bruce Springsteen is the

Robert Ward, a frequent contributor to this magazine, is filling in this issue for music critic Janet Maslin, who is on vacation.

greatest. His words are like Dylan, but he's a lot more boogied up!"

When the stage goes dark, a single blue spot shines down on the man himself. The fans start screaming "BRUUUCE BRUUUCE" at decibel levels that shatter the air, and for a second BRUCE just stands there looking like the ultimate punk. He wears a brown cracked-leather jacket that comes to his waist, a tight black body shirt and skin-tight Levi's with the right pants leg rolled up to reveal a long argyle knee sock. Diminutive, scratching his fuzzy Afro and smiling, Springsteen radiates every definition of punkiness in the book. He looks young, boyish, inexperienced, and he also looks like the toughest kid on the block, a mean hombre who might stick you while flamenco music plays in Rose's Cantina. The crowd is shouting like mad, lighting matches and pounding one another on the back, as if Bruce is standing there as a celebration of sheer American funk. In short, one knew, without even hearing the first note, that things were probably going to cook.

Unlike anybody I've ever seen (with the exception of Mick Jagger), Springsteen just radiates energy, and soul. And unlike Jagger, Springsteen is not aloof, not aristocratic. He's the ultimate Good Punk, the kind of guy who hasn't forgotten that a few years ago he was playing beach-bum bars in New Jersey with forgettable bands like Dr. Boom and His Cosmic Zoom. There is a minimum of distance between Springsteen and the audience. He's a star and he's a vamp, but he's got a wonderful sense of pure joy in his playing, which is immediately identifiable as democratic. His persona *is* punky, but there is an intelligence behind it that says, "Hey, this is just good old rock and roll and let's get it on." In short, he's having too much fun to be pompous. Springsteen laughs, and dances around in circles on one foot, and uses his guitar like Charlie Chaplin uses his cane. You have undoubtedly heard that Bruce Springsteen is the next Dylan; forget it, this man has his own moves. Both his lyrics and his music are wild syntheses of everyone from Dylan through Curtis Mayfield, the Shirelles, King Curtis, Van Morrison and Dyke and the Blazes. The band and the man cook and sizzle in a way I'd almost forgotten existed. What's more, the music is no simple three-chord jive. There are long jazz rides in "E Street Shuffle" and "Kitty's Back" (both done to perfection), and there are beautiful lyrical piano rides on several of the tunes, especially on the third song of the night, the haunting and evocative "Incident on 57th Street."

The band has just done the rocking "E Street Shuffle" when suddenly the house lights go dark, a blue spot hits the center stage and Springsteen leans on the mike, slightly woozy and looking like some sensitive Mackie the Knife. Behind him comes a cascade of lyrical piano riffs, and Springsteen drops his head. Then, slowly, he raises it and in a voice filled with pain and longing and courage he begins:

Spanish Johnnie drove in from the underworld
Last night
With bruised arms and broken rhythm
In a beat-up old Buick
But dressed just like dynamite
He tried selling his heart to the
Hard girls over on Easy Street
They said, "Johnnie ,it falls apart so easy
And you know hearts these days are cheap."

As the song progresses, Springsteen's hoarse voice reveals shades of both Rod Stewart and Van Morrison, but he suddenly surprises you with a depth and clearness that transcend the whole pop genre. It's as good a tune as

Bruce Springsteen: sheer American funk, and the decade's best rock and roll.

anything in Brecht/Weill,and the audience, only minutes ago a drunken, doped-up mass of banshees, is now quiet, pensive and reverent, with good reason. The words in "Incident" are meant to be heard.

That isn't true of all the songs. Occasionally, the band simply overpowers the words, but it doesn't particularly matter because Springsteen has a way of suggesting the meaning, with grunts, shouts and his highly dramatic stage antics. Often he will trade licks with his giant sax man, Clarence Clemmons (who came to The E Street Band via James Brown and the Cleveland Browns). Clemmons looks like Big Daddy Lipscomb up there in the hot green lights, with his huge shoulders draped in a white zoot suit. During the "E Street Shuffle," Springsteen (who is no more than 5' 6") comes over and leans on Clemmons' hip, both men roll their eyes like they are moonstruck, and then Bruce wheels off of him and disappears behind his back. Clemmons goes right on blowing, and suddenly, like a speed-freak mole, Springsteen pops out from behind Clemmons' massive arms and matches him lick for lick on guitar. All around me, the crowd is bopping and jumping on their seats, passing beers and joints and shaking their heads in the pure joy of disbelief.

About midway through the concert, Springsteen plays a song off of the new album, *Born To Run.* The song is "She's the One," and it is the rockinest tune of the night. The band and the boss are amazing, riffing off one another, slowing down, stopping altogether, then wham, Springsteen's arm is up in the air and they are flying again, with that good joyful chorus, "She's the One," sung over and over and over, and you come to anticipate it, and hope for it, and shout along with it. It may be repetitious, but that's part of the appeal of great rock—repetition without dullness. During that particular song, all hell breaks loose in the theater. People are screaming, and jumping, and hugging one another, and the whole damned place looks like it was truly born to run.

Near the end of the concert, instead of winding it down, Springsteen cranks it up, and after an amazing "New York City Serenade" (with its brilliant improvisation "I'm inside with my baby going down down down. While on da outside the cop's eating his pizza sitting in da patrol car"), Springsteen launches into "It's Hard To Be a Saint in New York" and a real rocker called "Rosalita," which sounds like the bass line is stolen from the old Four Tops hit "I Can't Help Myself." But no matter, in a second the song is Springsteen's. Finally, the lights, which are another work of perfection, go down and the band stalks off to thunderous applause, whistling and stomping of feet. In a minute or two, the group comes back out and does "Sandy" (off the *Asbury Park* album) and Manfred Mann's old hit "Sha-La-La." Springsteen pulls down his hand as if he were pulling a curtain and the lights are out again. Again the band goes off, and again the cries of "more, more, more" start up. And after three minutes, Springsteen and the band are back. This time they do a 12-minute version of Gary U.S. Bonds' "Quarter to Three," after which Springsteen smiles and slaps hands with everyone in the front row. Then he takes the mike and says breathlessly, "I'm just a prisoner of rock 'n roll." Then he; Miami Steve, the guitar player (from *Asbury Park*); Mighty Max Weinberg, the drummer; Danny Federici, the organist; Gary Tallant, the bassist; Roy Britton, the pianist; and Clarence Clemmons wave goodbye and split the stage.

For a while people just stand around smiling at one another. Suddenly, Peter from Utica is in front of me, and way down in the first aisle I see lobster-faced Denny, who looks healthy and fine and on top of the world.

"Well," says Peter. "What are you going to write?"

"Hell," I say. "I'm just going to say that Bruce Springsteen is the first real rock and roll musician I've seen in five years."

Peter smiles and slaps me on the back. "Have a nice night now," he says.

He walks out, and I don't even mind the hippie jargon. He is, after all, full of joy, which is perhaps the real secret of Bruce Springsteen's art. Springsteen loves the world: the pimps, hustlers, humbug, tomfoolery, switchblade knives and kisses under the boardwalk. If American art is really made up of Redskins and Palefaces, as Philip Rahv once suggested, then Springsteen is the wildest new Indian around. He's the kind of artist Walt Whitman and Jack Kerouac and Otis Redding would have joined hands over. I hope he keeps right on rocking, and I hope I never see him with Don Kirshner or Tony Orlando. And I've got a hunch that I won't. Denny and the fans have made a good bet here. Springsteen and the Street Boys are the Real Thing, and long may they rock on!

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Books

A star with twi-twi-twink . . .

By Geoffrey Wolff

Humboldt's Gift *by Saul Bellow.* Viking (487 pp., $10).

Saul Bellow is America's cultural Personage, the beneficiary of this and that grant, a teacher at this and that Great University, a winner of this and that literary prize, a contributor to every journal that ever was, a playwright, a war correspondent; what-have-you, he's it, or has been. For instance, Saul Bellow was in 1968 made a knight by France, which awarded him the Croix de Chevalier des Arts et Lettres, not bad for a Chicago guy, and doesn't Bellow know it! And doesn't he use it, for laughs. Charles Citrine, of *Humboldt's Gift,* bearing a superficial resemblance to Bellow, but without Bellow's gifts, is also such a Chevalier, "shoveleer," as he and Humboldt peg his title, translating cheap gold into classy dross.

Self-importance is now Bellow's vice. Traffic in Big Ideas, and Cosmic Changes, the Wisdom of the Ancients, this has been his vice, and his reckless dare. If he is drawn to hot air, it's for the pretty noise it makes as it escapes through the hole he has punched in what held it. If anything has the whammy on Bellow, if any human characteristic seduces him time and again, it's nuttiness, the compulsion to take the world by the ear and twist till the world squeals, or to tickle the world till, laughing, it cries uncle. Bellow stakes his extraordinary resources as a novelist on singularity, on the voice unlike any other voice, the fixation unlike any other fixation, the character alone and visible in what appears to the undifferentiated mess of society's units. His affection for oddballs leads Bellow to his greatest successes and flattest failures.

Humboldt is a success, without qualification a success—as Bellow's character, that is. But his history is a sum of disappointments. He is a poet whose first book, published in the Thirties, created a great fuss and brought him to the respectful attention of T.S. Eliot, and set in motion all the honors and opportunities that follow in the train of such admiration. But not the comfort and serenity he might have hoped for. Charles Citrine came from Wisconsin to New York to kneel before Von Humboldt Fleisher, and stayed to become his friend. Humboldt, the "Mozart of conversation," knowing all, telling all, settling for nothing, was as spiky as he was seductive: "He was a wonderful talker," Charles remembers after Humboldt's death, "a hectic nonstop monologuist and improvisator, a champion detractor. To be loused up by Humboldt was really a kind of privilege. It was like being the subject of a two-nosed portrait by Picasso, or an eviscerated chicken by Soutine."

But Charles, bullied by his master's detractions and diminutions and deflations into jokey Charlie, understands the simple truth of his friend's history, the history of a poet whose first book is to be his best, that Humboldt had never had "a single good day in all his life. Between fluctuations and the dark qualms of mania and depression, he had had good spells. Perhaps not so many as two consecutive hours of composure." The arc of Humboldt's temperament has been perfectly described in real life by the late and celebrated poet Delmore Schwartz, who appropriated for his own purposes a couple of lines from Wordsworth: "We poets in our youth begin in gladness/ thereof in the end come despondency and madness." Schwartz tossed out the gladness that closes the first of these lines, and substituted *sadness.*

As Schwartz borrowed and subsumed Wordsworth's lines, Bellow appropriates Schwartz. Von Humboldt Fleisher does not merely bear a superficial likeness to Delmore Schwartz, as Charles Citrine bears to Bellow, but the two are one to such a degree that *Humboldt's Gift* submits itself to judgment as biography as well as fiction. Schwartz, ruined by pills and booze, in and out of institutions wherein the mind is mended (Bellevue) or served (Harvard), suffering from delusions of persecution, all but friendless by the end of his life, is often and perhaps properly listed on the rolls of American poets who committed suicide: John Berryman, Hart Crane, Sylvia Plath, Delmore Schwartz. . . . In fact, Schwartz—and Von Humboldt Fleisher—died of a heart attack in a fleabag near Times Square . . . and was upon the stroke canonized, once he was safely in the ground, no longer a menace to the domestic balance of his friends' days and nights. Upon the stroke of his death, Schwartz was shoe-horned into the company of the *poètes maudits,* outcast geniuses obliged to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of their art, poets hounded and despised. Writing of the death of his friend Schwartz, Dwight Macdonald declared, as have so many before and after him, that "poetry is a dangerous occupation in this country."

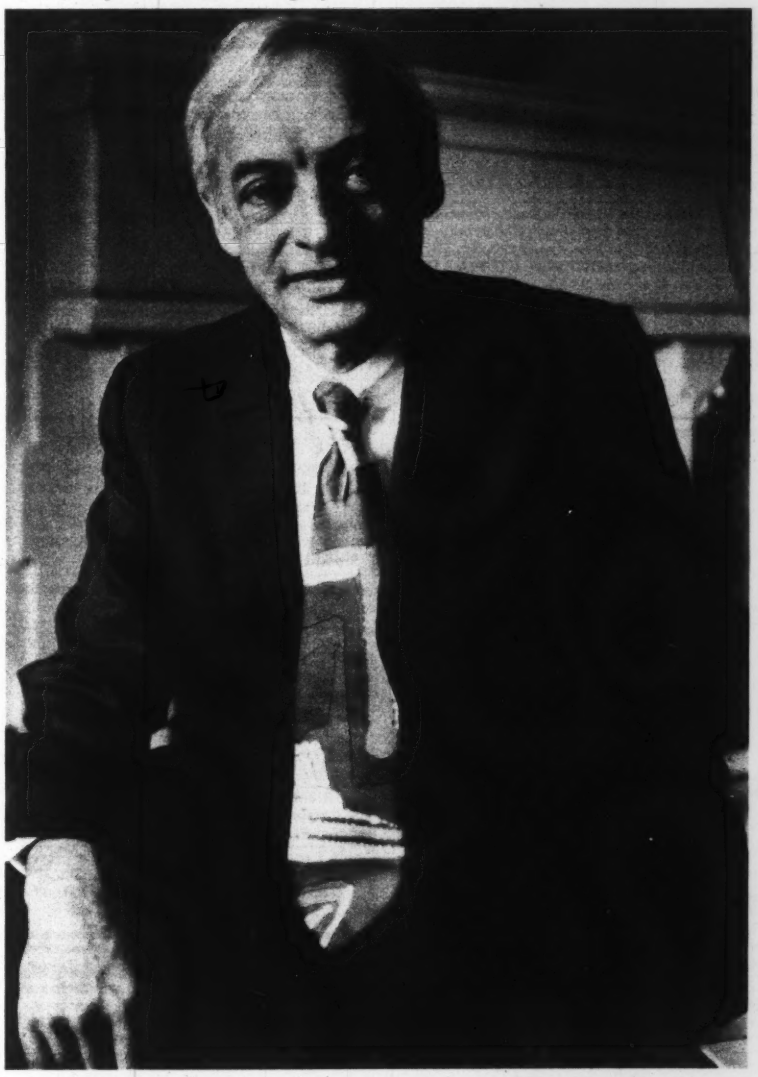
For an adjustment to the legend of the case see "Delmore," by William Barrett, in the August 1974 *Commentary,* and for a gorgeously complicated and funny and generous account of the same subject see *Humboldt's Gift.* Bellow has shrewdly decided to explore Humboldt's impression on Charlie Citrine rather than to follow, step below step, his descent into that dark cave of "despondency and madness" which he let swallow him. Humboldt was in life a schemer, alive with mischief and cunning as with misdirection, and Charlie is the legatee of his final trick, as well as of the two-nosed portraits Humboldt fashioned from his features. Humboldt's gifts are many, some malign and some accidentally beneficial. Among the latter are a couple of film treatments, one of them cooked up by Humboldt and Charlie in collaboration during their dog days at Princeton, the other Humboldt's alone, a bequest to his ex-friend. By coincidence and slapstick mischance, the hopelessly improbable and vulgar movie treatments bring Charlie a great load of dough.

But Humboldt's graver legacy is aspiration, his insistence that the world be compelled to give an answer. He had always intimidated Charlie, an easy, skeptical, cunning fellow, a great success at a great many little things, a man who wants to do good, and sometimes does. He has had a Broadway hit, but he'll never have another. He had a girlfriend he wanted to marry, but he waited and she died. He had a wife, but they separated, divorced, and now she's running him into the poorhouse. He had another girlfriend, but he waited too long again, and she left him. Still, he knows himself, too well: "As suffering went, I was only in the middle rank or

JILL KREMENTZ

even lower." His brother tells him that pretty soon people will "assume you're gone and they missed your obituary." A former friend stammeringly recollects Charlie's better days: "You were reserved, but what were you re-re-reserving yourself for? You had the star attitude, but where was the twi-twi-twink? . . ."

Humboldt taught Charlie to stand still while people hammered him. Does he ever! Everyone lights into him, and he resolutely sees the justice in their contempt, and explains himself, and apologizes for himself. If the catchword of Bellow's *Henderson, The Rain King* was "I want! I want!" and of Mr. Sammler was "we know, we know, we know," Charlie's tombstone signature is "I'm sorry." Humboldt's legacy to Charlie is an instruction in difficulty, and once Humboldt is dead Charlie begins to lay off the hand-wringing and to take up nay-saying. Still, he remains what he is, a writer. He believes in words and fabrications, in beginnings that prepare for ends. And at book's end he says, "Inquire a little and I'll tell you all. I was still explaining myself in full to people who couldn't have cared less." That is, society is still out there, caring not a fig for explanations and their expatriation. Nothing can alter the alienation of society from the writer. But by an act of imagination and perseverance the terms of isolation may be turned topsy-turvy, as by the legendary British headline-writer who declared that STORMS AND FOG CUT OFF CONTINENT. Humboldt's madness and surrender are a spur to Charlie's health.



JILL KREMENTZ

Bellow: a stubborn refusal to knuckle under to cultural homogenization.

Bellow's most visible virtue is his own health, durability and stubborn refusal to knuckle under to cultural homogenization. He believes in words, and in the difference between different words, and in their consequence. He's tough, and he's resourceful, as sane as Charlie and as gifted as Humboldt. No need to remind anyone, after all these books and years and conquests, that Bellow is *here*, looking out for the world's better interests. No point either in denying his vices as a novelist, on display here as elsewhere. He is, as he and his readers may well know, a virtuoso of language, and he has been known to strain for a conceit, and, if he likes it well enough, to repeat it several times within the same book. His light does not shine down upon his women, elsewhere or here: They are stick figures, luscious, usually weird, always difficult. His affection for ideas can sometimes degenerate into teachiness, making of sections of *Humboldt's Gift* a kind of seminar at which attendance is required; but the present book is nothing like as lecture-ridden as *Mr. Sammler's Planet*. And, as Theodore Solotaroff has written, Bellow's principle of composition is "overflow." While *Humboldt's Gift* is no such loose and baggy monster as *The Adventures of Augie March*, its own adventures are many times too often multiplied and subdivided. Bellow hangs onto episodes as though he were a miser keeping pieces of string: If he finds two, or three, or half a dozen different ways to develop his story, he'll use them all, and they are not all equally engrossing. Finally, his lesser characters are too zany, too much alike in their zaniness, and too many. Now, these faults are not minor, but neither are the virtues which they from time to time blot.

Bellow's range is intimidating. No American writer wears his power more easily, or is as intelligent, or as often right. Torn out of their context, his locutions are astounding in their illumination: "The USA was a big operation, very big. The more *it*, the less *we*." Yet they have a most particular context. "They cried out for freedom, it came down on them in a flood." That's us, and our kids. But it's also Charlie, Humboldt, Delmore Schwartz. It isn't that the sentence is tautological, or all-engrossing. It's neither: It's particular, and it's true. And it lifts the corner of the lip in a smile: first dawn of comprehension and sunset of recognition, salt and pepper, Saul Bellow.

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Death of a cult

Final Tribute

By William Jeanes

The time has come to bid farewell to Coors Beer. After a quarter-century as the nation's only cult beverage, Coors has suffered the most dreadful of fates: It has become commonplace.

Discovered by the media, the Supreme Court, Ethel Kennedy and the Miami Dolphins, the cream-colored can of Colorado Kool-Aid has become devastatingly ordinary. Coors has been overexposed; and no cult—unless you count the country's infantile preoccupation with Jackie Onassis—can survive chronic familiarity.

Understand, please, that 11 western states (Colorado, Texas, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, Oklahoma, Nevada, Kansas and Wyoming) have long been awash in a cascade of Coors. Coors, in fact, is today number one among beers in these states, with the exception of Texas, where availability is restricted to the northern half of the state. This immense commercial popularity has, over the years, spawned myths of superior quality that traveled eastward with homeward-bound beer drinkers. Wittingly or no, the Adolph Coors Company of Golden, Colorado, soon found itself the epicenter of a cult.

I recall with religious devotion my own first bottle of Coors, consumed on the second Sunday of June 1956, in a murky beer hall on the dusty main street of Grand Lake, Colorado. That first one was so good that I followed it with 11 more.

Later that summer, as a bartender, I watched in amazement as we served up six cases of Coors to every one case of combined "premium" competition. In 1956, Coors pumped out fewer than 1 million barrels of beer a year, and remained unquestionably a "local" beverage. Which meant that it sold because it tasted good, not because it was something that Paul Newman drank. And hell, it *was* good. Bartenders drink free, remember, and all of us at the Pine Cone Inn drank Coors. That wouldn't tell you much now, when the President is blabbing it around that *he* likes Coors, but in Eisenhower's day that kind of consensus meant something.

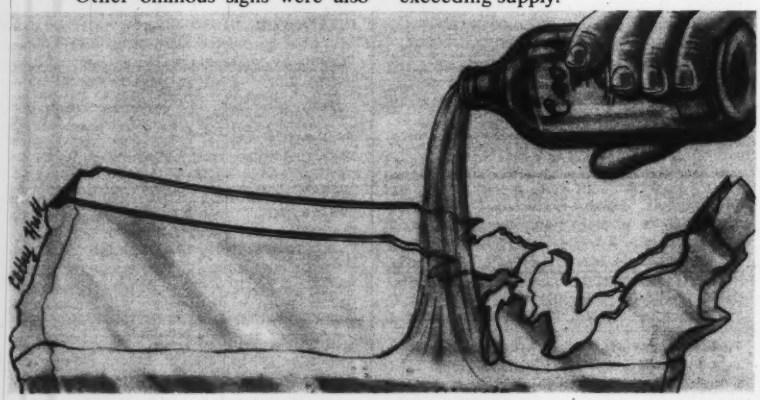
Following my summer with the original Rocky Mountain high, I turned proselyte for Coors. Back in my native Mississippi, my praises of the wonderful western beer I had discovered put strong men to sleep. Drinkers of such regional beers as Dixie 45, Regal and Jax heard me insult them with venomous fervor. Like all converts to the Coors Cult, I became insufferable on the topic of beer.

Then, sometime in the early 1960s, *Esquire* magazine published a picture of Paul Newman—holding a can of Coors. Our secret love had been foolishly revealed. The end had begun and it was all Paul Newman's fault.

The end took its time getting here, but by 1973 there appeared an unmistakable warning that our cult was doomed: Sales figures showed Coors lying fourth behind Bud, Schlitz and Pabst in the *national* marketplace. The little beer that could, had.

Other ominous signs were also visible. Secret Service agents were found to have disgraced their sharkskin uniforms by smuggling Coors aboard government planes. Ron Ziegler, during his term as presidential press secretary, drank Coors in front of reporters without offering them any. Henry Kissinger, the human press release, was said to be hauling 40-case lots of Coors into the capital. Next, we heard that Spiro Agnew had applied for a Texas Coors distributorship and—stripping any lingering mystique from Coors once and for all—Gerald Ford leaked the news that Coors was served in the White House every Thursday (which, God help us, is Mexican Food Day over there).

And then came the price-fixing charge. One of the 167 Coors distributors began selling beer in quantity to a North Carolina wholesaler. The home office pitched a running fit at this transgression and secured an injunction forbidding it. Coors based its complaint on quality control, saying that its beer was brewed without preservatives or pasteurization and would consequently spoil if transported without constant refrigeration (a feature of Coors distribution). The injunction was overturned by a Federal Court decision which said Coors had violated the antitrust laws by fixing prices and imposing territorial restrictions on its distributors. In January of this year, the Supreme Court declined to review a Federal Trade Commission ruling that Coors was fixing prices, a move that made Coors theoretically available nationwide—selling at $14 a case on the East Coast. This despite demand in the 11-state area far exceeding supply.



Perhaps inevitably, the media drew their dull felt tips and even duller wits, and dealt the death blow by grinding out reams of silly feature articles. One such (*Newsweek*'s) breathlessly announced that old friend Paul Newman "puts away at least four six-packs a day." The circle had closed. Newman, who may be said to have debagged the cat in the first place, was now downing an annual 8,760 cans of Coors.

But Paul Newman does not drink 24 cans of *anything* every day. Furthermore, he does not drink much Coors these days, having discovered a *new* beer bottled in Hamburg, Germany. A beer thought by some to outstrip Coors in every department. So . . . goodbye, Coors; hello, St. Pauli Girl. ●

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